

THE American Girl

APRIL 1948

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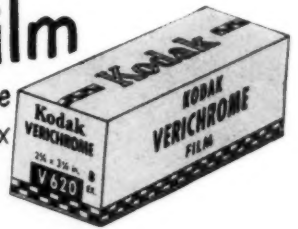
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THE American Girl

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 SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; Hamon & Willson, 412 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14, California

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.
 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXI

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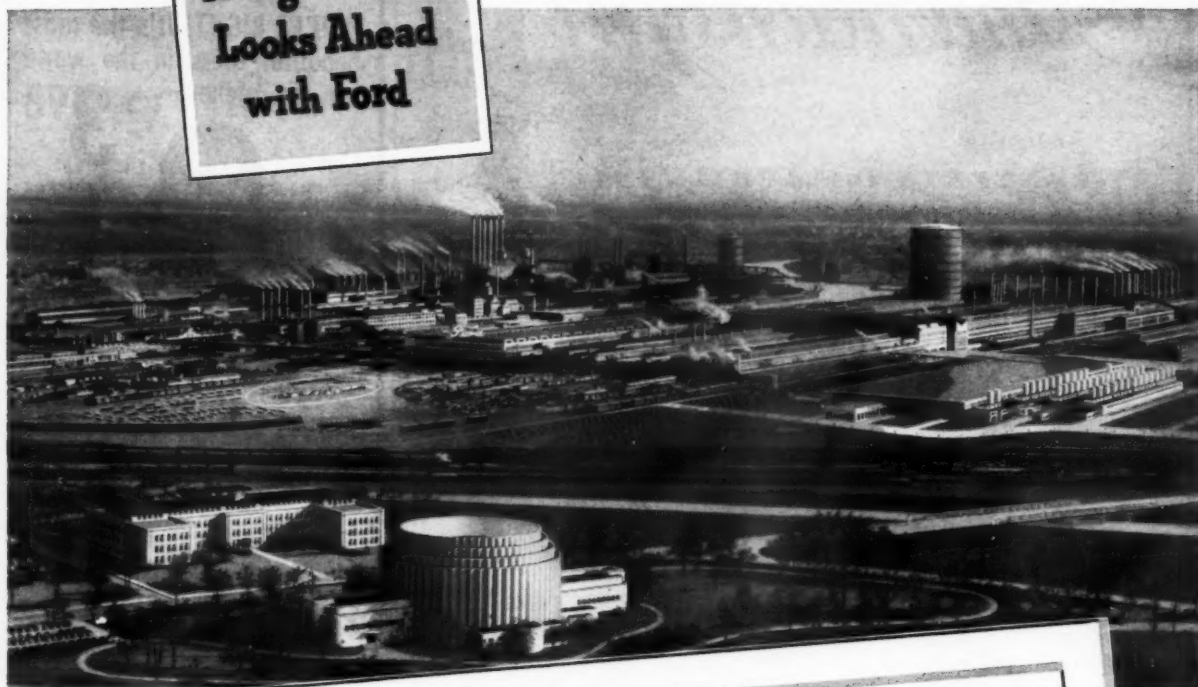
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The *Legacy* of Canyon John

by MARGARET LEIGHTON

SAY!" Angry blood rose under Jerry's tan as he wrenched the steering wheel sharply to avoid a collision with a car which careened madly around the turn. "Who does he think he is, driving like that along this road?"

Linda frowned. "I've seen that man before, but I can't think where," she said.

"Well, he's on his way to your place or mine—there's nowhere else to go up this canyon," Jerry told her.

"Except to Old John's, and he's not there," he added, a cloud crossing his face.

Linda saw the look and understood. They were fond of Canyon John, the old Indian who had lived in his solitary cabin on the mountain since long before either of them was born. Last of his tribe, he had clung stubbornly to his small corner of the earth until a few months before, when a fall had crippled him so that he had had to be moved down to the

It was a mysterious treasure—too precious even to entrust to writing. And Linda and Jerry, it seemed, weren't the only ones who held the clues

Mission Hospital in the valley. Linda and Jerry had taken him some snapshots of his cabin when they had visited him only the week before.

"If the lens has come, maybe we can get some extra-super snaps to take down to Old John next week," Linda suggested.

Photography was the all-absorbing hobby of these two, who had been born on adjoining ranches, had squabbled intermittently from babyhood, but had been inseparable companions nevertheless. Since they had begun to save for college expenses, they had been lured by the sizable award offered for the best picture each year by the State Wild Life Conservation Society. They had thought at first that they would have every advantage in this field, living as they did in remote ranch country, with a vast wilderness of mountain and desert all about them. But without a telescopic lens they had been sadly handicapped in wild-animal photography. Now Linda's uncle, also a camera enthusiast, had written that he was sending them a lens, and they were on their way to the post office to see if it had come.

The mail was in when they arrived, and Ed Travis, the postmaster, waved a package. "Reckon this is what you've been waiting for," he said. "And there's a letter for Jerry, too."

They sat down on the edge of the porch while Jerry opened the package. There it lay—a slender tube with the shining lens ready to screw into its end!

"Gosh! What do you know!" Jerry's voice was shaking a little. "Here are the instructions, too. No alibis if we don't win the grand prize now, Linda."

"It's strictly up to us," she agreed. "Here, don't forget your letter."

"What is it? Not bad news, Jerry?" she asked a moment later, startled by his sober face.

He looked up. "It's from Pia Marquez, the nurse at the Mission Hospital. Old Canyon John died last Sunday."

"Oh!" A lump rose in Linda's throat.

Jerry gave a startled exclamation. "Listen—no, let's read this together!"

She bent over the typed pages. "It was nice of you and Linda Webb to visit the old man here," the nurse had written, "and especially for you to bring those pictures of his home. He kept them under his pillow and was always looking at them. Then, the other day, he asked me to write a letter to you for him. 'Write it just like I say it to you,' he told me. So I took it down and here it is:

"I am a very sick old man, and if I

die I like to do something nice for Linda and Jerry. I like to give them a present. But I have only my cabin and my cornfield, and even those are not mine to give away because they must go to the U. S. Government.

"I have thought about this a long time, and now I remember that I have something I can give them, and so this letter is to be my will. If I had a son or a grandson I could not give this away, because it belongs to my people, and to my

family only among my people—a secret we have kept for many, many years.

"Tell Jerry that he must go up the mountain past my cabin, to the head of my canyon; then across the ridge, and down into the small canyon on the desert side which is called the Canyon del Muerto. There is a trail he can follow. Up on the wall of rock he will see a place where water falls down the cliff, and underneath there is sometimes a little pool. Just beyond this there is a tall rock



like a pillar, close up to the canyon wall.

"Tell Jerry to go to that pool, then turn and walk about ten steps toward the pillar. Then he must look carefully. He has good eyes, and he must use them to find this secret. It is too precious to write down on paper. No one else must know about it."

"That was all he would say," Pia Marquez added in conclusion. "But I'm sure he was entirely clear in his mind. I hope you can find whatever it was that he meant, and that it is something you have use for!"

"For goodness sake!" Linda cried, letting out her breath. "What do you suppose it can be?"

Jerry shook his head. "So far as I know, he was as poor as Job's turkey!"

"Do you know that place he described?"

"Yes. I've been in the Canyon del Muerto. There are some interesting looking cliffs there, I remember. Some may have caves in them."

Linda's heart began to beat faster. "Jerry, do you remember those stories

about the bandit, Joaquin Murietta? They say he was befriended by the Indians who lived around here. Maybe he gave them some of his treasure—maybe that's it."

Jerry grinned. "Or maybe it's a clue to the Lost Dutchman Mine, or old Peg-leg's cache of nuggets. No, it's probably something that'd be a lot more valuable to Old Canyon John than to us. Maybe a group of pictographs on a rock, or a cave with an olla in it, full of fishing and hunting charms, or something like that."

Linda's face fell, then brightened again. "Well, that would be exciting to find, too. Maybe we could take some really good pictures, and write it up for one of the magazines that use Indian stuff."

"Now you're talking!" Jerry got to his feet. "Let's not waste any more time. We can do it today if we get started

pronto. We'll stop and tell your folks where we're going, then go on to my place for horses."

The horses started briskly up the winding, rutted road. At sight of Canyon John's withered corn patch, the cabin so deserted and forlorn, Linda felt her eyes sting. How often they had stopped here to talk with the lonely old man. Now he had joined his kinsmen and was no longer lonely, she told herself, twisting in the saddle to look back once more.

When she turned forward again something in Jerry's suddenly tense back startled her. He had stopped his horse, and was looking at a car drawn up in the brush where the road ended.

"Why, it's the one that passed us on our way to the post office," she exclaimed.

The car was empty and there was no one in sight. Jerry touched the hood.

(Continued on page 37)

The car was empty and there was no one in sight. Jerry touched the hood. "It's cold," he reported





Somebody Else, Not Me

by JEAN DUPONT MILLER

Illustrated by FRED IRVIN

Rosalie to Ranny Wells. The expression on his dark, rather handsome face was polite, but bored. He was the oldest boy in the crowd, and he went out for Glee Club and dramatics more than for sports. She thought how wonderful it would be if he'd say, "I'll be by for you tonight."

But he didn't. He slid the car into gear, Rosalie cried, "See you tonight," and they drove away.

Wiffie, shifting the offending hanger from one aching arm to the other, wondered why she ever went to parties. She was sure people only asked her because she was Bob Munro's daughter, and everybody loved and admired him so much. It pleased her father whenever she went out, and he thought that she was one of the most popular girls in town. The poor darling didn't seem to realize that you could be a wonderful guard in basketball, a whiz on the hockey field, a record breaker at track—and a drizzle puss, a dud, a drip, on the dance floor!

She knew just how it would be tonight. She'd arrive alone, which was two strikes against a girl right there. She'd find her corner—there was always a corner for her, she thought bitterly. Dick would ask her to dance once, dutifully. If they played games, she'd do pretty well. Then she'd retire to her corner again, or sort records, or help get the refreshments out of the icebox. At the end, Rosalie's mother would see that some not-too-enthusiastic couple "dropped her" at her house.

However, the May sunshine was warm, the day was bright, and as she walked along Wiffie decided that she might as well keep on trying. She could do something about her hair this afternoon. Also, she'd give herself a manicure and even put on polish. That super new shade called June Rose.

But as soon as she reached home, her careful plans for the improvement of Winifred went awry. Her mother, standing in the hallway pulling on her gloves, looked up and smiled. "Ah, they did find your suit. Good!" As she picked up a little black notebook which she always took with her when she went out on Red Cross Home Service cases, Wiffie's spirits fell, for that generally meant she had to take up whatever her mother had dropped.

Mrs. Munro came right to the point. "I'm glad you're back. I've had an emergency call and I'm sure you won't mind reading to Uncle Jay for me."

"Oh, Mother! I'd planned to do so much this afternoon!"

Mrs. Munro said gently, "I'll suggest

IT WAS one of those days when everything happened to Winifred Munro. She was walking along, carrying her best blue gabardine, just retrieved from the cleaner's, on a hanger. She wished she had dropped it down a drain before she encountered Dick Treadwell, Rosalie Crane, and Ranny Wells—Ranny, of all people!

She knew that her red hair had never been more untidy, that her old green skirt was too short, so that her long legs looked longer and skinnier than ever. Her cheeks flushed as Ranny drew his roadster up to the curb where she stood clutching the grisly hanger.

"Hi! I was going to call you, Wiffie," Rosalie greeted her. "Mother says to come over at eight tonight instead of eight thirty, because we have to break it up at eleven o'clock."

Sitting between the two boys, Rosalie looked pretty as a valentine. Sometimes Winifred—popularly known as Wiffie—wondered why, under the circumstances, she loved her best friend.

"I'll be there with bells on," Wiffie replied, trying to be sprightly, and thinking how silly she sounded.

"I hear you hung up some records at the girls' track meet yesterday," Dick Treadwell said. "Good work, Munro! Does that mean Pasadena for you?"

Dick was Rosalie's best boy friend, and next year he would be captain of the football team. He worshiped Wiffie's father, football coach and athletic director of Fremont High School.

"Thanks, Dick. Yes, I guess I'll go to Pasadena, unless I break a leg or something," Wiffie glanced past Dick and



"Would you like to hear a funny story?" she asked. Her voice quavered on the last word and everybody looked at her

that he listen to the radio instead; but it's too bad, because he received that book he's been waiting for so eagerly."

Wiffie felt herself weakening. "Good-by, June Rose!" she thought mournfully, and said aloud, "All right, Mother."

Uncle Jay was really a half-brother of Mrs. Munro's father. He'd started life with the good old bread-and-butter name of Smith. Way back in some dim long ago, he'd changed John Smith to Leander

Jordan, and gone on the stage. Now his acting days were over, and several months before he'd come back to the only relatives he had left. In a sort of compromise between his two names, the family called him Uncle Jay.

It had been a little hard on everybody. He had arthritis, and a cataract growing on one eye, so that he had to be careful and spare the good one until he could have an operation. His greatest pleasure

was in having read to him books by, or about, old-time actors and actresses of whom Wiffie never had heard.

Uncle Jay had a big bedroom which had been made into a sort of sitting room. Now, as Wiffie knocked on the door, he snapped off the radio and called, "Come in, come in," in his deep, clear voice that was not an old voice at all. He smiled at her as she came in. He was a tall, spare

(Continued on page 46)



Newspaperwomen must like people, be able to draw them out. Here, an editor of the New York "Herald Tribune" has an informal interview with Kay Kyser



New York Herald Tribune



Press Association

Writers alone don't make a newspaper. There are other jobs for which a girl may aim. Her interest in photography could lead to the dark room



Wide World

Reporters must have physical stamina and the ability to get the facts—fast and correctly

Women of the

Press

by
**ELEANOR
SIEGEL**

FLASH! News of a big train wreck makes the city room of the newspaper where you work a bustling, hectic place. The fast-paced ticker machine of the news-wire service beats a steady rhythm against the jangle of telephone bells and the calls of "Boyl" from reporters finishing their stories in time for the first deadline.

At the news of the wreck, you and all the other reporters look toward the city editor and wait impatiently. Who will be sent out on the important story?

Glancing over the room and then down at the assignment sheet on his desk, the city editor checks to see which reporters are available. In a moment he decides.

"Miss Doe!" he snaps.

You jump. He's chosen *you*!

Two minutes later, armed with the tools of your trade—several soft-leaded "copy pencils," and a sheaf of copy paper folded into your purse—you're on your way. As you rush to your assignment, your mind already is busy picturing the story that will appear the next morning under your by-line. It will be a moving piece, full of the dramatic details of human suffering, colored with the tragic "little things" of catastrophes—things that perhaps you, a woman, can observe and write about even more tellingly than most men.

Hold on a minute, though! Maybe this sounds like your most out-of-this-world dream. Well, of course, it does lie a good way off, in the realm of things to come. But it *can* happen. Every day, in newspaper offices throughout the country, editors are sending women reporters out on important assignments. And these women, like Margaret Parton and Emma Bugbee of the "New York Herald Tribune," Anne O'Hare McCormick and Lucy Greenbaum of "The New York Times," and Dorothy Thompson, who writes her own column, all had to start somewhere. So if you have the journalistic bee in your bonnet, why not face that fact, and do a little down-to-earth thinking which might help make your dream come true?

Maybe you think you're a born writer because you get A's on your English themes. Perhaps you imagine yourself flashing your press card to pass police barriers, or envision the big pressroom of a metropolitan daily each time you ink the mimeograph machine to put out your crowd's gossip sheet. But let's be realistic.



The New York Times

These girls receive classified advertisements over the telephone for the big "New York Times." They must always be polite, helpful, and conscientious

Copygirl meets editor! Gloria Kaufman, the copygirl, attended college and journalism school. Her work is hard, but it's worth being "on the inside"



New York Herald Tribune

First, consider your natural assets. Journalism's a big field, covering a wide variety of jobs, and workers with many different talents. Some of the workers have to meet the public, while others remain behind the scene most of the time. But almost anyone who wants to work on a paper should develop:

1. A genuine, persistent, and unshakable desire to know people and get along with them. Whether you're a telephone operator, a filing clerk, a secretary, or a reporter, you should be able to talk easily and pleasantly with strangers. This means anybody—famous or unknown, sincere or publicity-seeking—as long as he or she has business with your paper.

2. Good health and stamina. In emergencies anyone on the news staff, or in any other department of the entire newspaper plant, must be ready to stand by to get out an extra edition, answer the public's anxious inquiries, change advertisements, or make any of the quick adjustments so often necessary in these fast-moving days. The working reporter, or "leg man," especially, has to be in good physical condition, because sometimes she goes without meals for long stretches, or tramps rainy, snowy streets to cover her story from all angles.

3. The ability to write clearly and accurately, and to do any work that is assigned with conscientious care, are absolutely essential. Newspapers base their reputations on being right. Mistakes by anyone—typists, ad-takers, proofreaders, reporters, or copygirls—are costly.

4. Self-control and the knack of working well under pressure. Anyone connected with a newspaper knows that at moments of tragedy, happiness, excitement, or possibly even danger, the staff has to keep cool. The reporter usually feels the weight of this most. She has to get the facts—quickly and correctly. In the rush toward a daily, sometimes hourly, deadline there's no time for detailed research. She has to be able to put the facts together, interpret them correctly, and get all the essential information into the "lead" of her story.

Now, how do you score yourself on these four basic qualifications? If you meet the test, check a little further.

You'll notice that any discussion of the romance of newspaper publishing includes a number of jobs that sound not quite so romantic. Reporters alone don't make a newspaper. There have to be secretaries, filing clerks, telephone operators, librarians, and news-story clippers for the morgue (the place

where every edition of the paper is filed, clipped, and indexed). There must be artists, proofreaders, messengers, receptionists, photographers, make-up men (who decide where each story will be put in making up the paper), and translators of "cablese," the special language used in stories sent by cable from foreign countries. There are many other jobs, but these are the ones for which girls especially might aim.

Such a wide variety indicates that you might train in different ways for different positions. True. But the necessary basic knowledge is the same as that needed by any intelligent young person. First, a good high-school education. Get plenty of English, both literature and composition; foreign languages; history and economics; and a good foundation in shorthand and typewriting will help. Go to college, if you can, and add to your knowledge of languages, history, government, sociology, and science. Try to take special courses there in literature and English composition, including journalism. After that you may even want to take advanced studies at one of the fine post-graduate journalism schools, such as Columbia University's, where students work in their newsroom, meet deadlines, and attend seminars and lectures.

BUT whatever education lies ahead of you, be foresighted and get some early experience by working on your school publications. Try to do all the different jobs connected with them. It's fun, and you'll learn a lot, too.

Get a summer job working in the morgue, the subscription department, or the newsroom of your local paper. You'll get used to the atmosphere of a paper, and pick up the special words and terms used by the working press. Soon you'll know what a "stick" is (a news story two or three paragraphs long); and a "box" (a story about one hundred words in length which is given special prominence—usually because it's humorous or has human interest—near the top of the page and is set off by lines forming a box around it). You'll discover that —30— is used by a reporter to signify the end of the story. You'll find out how a good working reporter covers his regular beat; how a story is phoned in by an outside leg man; how the paper is made up; and how photographs are made into "cuts," which appear as photos again when the paper rolls from the press.

(Continued on page 28)

THESE DELICATE COTTONS HAVE A WINSOME CHARM THAT IS TRADITIONALLY SPRING



Above: There's old-fashioned charm in the bustle back and dust ruffle of Dell Town's spool-printed cotton dress. The neck is low and round with two small velvet bows. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$9.00

*Photographs by
William Benedict*

Right: This dress, with its wonderful simplicity, has a very full skirt and handmade Irish lace pocket and trim. Of Bates' crisp "Picolay" piqué, in young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$13.00

by **FRANCES KOLTUN**

Right: You'll look as romantic as the poetry you read in this pretty piqué dress by Sandra Lee. The yoke is eyelet with cool cap sleeves and the skirt is gracefully flared. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$9.00

The dresses featured on these pages can be found at the stores listed on page 22



THE LINE IS SOFT AND FULL-SKIRTED. THE FABRIC—CRISP. THE MOOD—ROMANTIC

Poetic Cottons



Beany Malone

by LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

PART FIVE

THE next day at Harkness, during the noisy bedlam of lunch period, Kay Maffley reached out to her locker neighbor. "Beany, you've been crying. What's the matter?"

"Don came home," Beany answered in a flat, tight voice. "And he's crippled. He has to report to the hospital here today. Oh, Kay, they think maybe they'll have to amputate his leg at the knee—" She broke off with a sob.

Kay's arm tightened around her. "Here, let's duck into Miss Hewlitt's empty room."

Beany dropped down in the first seat and fumbled for her handkerchief. "I thought I was helping Elizabeth when I just made Don come home. He would have stayed on at Letterman for his operation if I hadn't urged him—"

"I'm glad you did, Beany. I think Elizabeth guessed he was keeping something from her."

Beany burst out resentfully, "Why is it that every time I try to do anything for my family it backfires? I tried to help Mary Fred by taking Norbett to Miss Hewlitt's, and he heard about it and did that hateful write-up about Ander—and now he sits next to me in typing and just acts as though—as though I weren't there. Not that I care," she added hastily.

She blew her nose and went on, "And then I tried to make everything hunky-dory by talking to Ander—"

"I know," interrupted Kay sympathetically.

Beany had told Kay about that. How the day after her resolve to appeal to Ander she had bumped into him at Downey's Drug. Ander had bought her a sundae and readily agreed that

Mary Fred needn't be tarred with the same black brush as he. He had promised grimly, "I'll run from Mary Fred like a rope-shy bronc."

"But it didn't do any good—my talking to Ander," Beany went on bitterly. "As Lila says, Mary Fred threw down the gauntlet to the Delts."

"How?"

Beany relayed what Lila had told her: Lila and Mary Fred and four Delts had started for the Clunch. Mary Fred had been delayed by a prof, but the others went on and saved a place at their table for her. While they waited Ander came in, took his tray, and went to a corner table alone. "And then Lila said Mary Fred came in, looked over the packed lunchroom, and saw Ander. Lila and the girls called to Mary Fred to join them—"

"Oh, m'gosh!" Kay groaned. "I know what she did."

"She did," Beany confirmed grimly. "She picked up her tray and headed straight for Ander."

"Oh, Beany, I think she was wonderful!"

"Nothing I do works out," Beany summed it up despairingly. "It's just as though there were a pattern, and I can't change it."

"Maybe there is a Malone pattern, Beany. Some folks just aren't the kind to lock doors and hearts."

Beany's voice was thin and gravelly. "Fifth-hour typing is next. And here I am looking like a sad droop." Norbett could see, even if he didn't speak.

Kay flipped her own wafer-sized powder puff over Beany's face, etched her mouth with lipstick. "Now smile."

Instead Beany burst out desolately,

"Everytime I do anything for the family, I ask myself, 'What would Faye do?' She isn't always mixed up in trouble. I want Mary Fred and Elizabeth to be like her."

Kay didn't answer. Her face wore a funny expression, as though fright or loyalty—or both—sealed her lips.

Beany went along to typing, and sat with her red eyes fastened on the copy, typing.

"If you want a certain thing, the law is that you must work for it."

Carefully she averted her face from Norbett. Suddenly he thrust a folded newspaper before her and demanded, "Did you see where someone took up the cudgels in defense of your cowboy maverick?"

Beany's smarting eyes read an open letter in the "Tribune" headed, "Are Traditions Necessarily Holy?" It asked why serious-minded adult students should take part in campus horseplay labeled tradition. It scoffed at the Varsity paper being called "The Pioneer" when it should be called



Illustrated by
PUNKIE BENNING

THE STORY SO FAR

Beany Malone promised her father, Martie, to look out for the family while he was away. One sister, Mary Fred, was agonizing to make up chemistry so she could be a full-fledged freshman and eligible for the Phi Delts, and the other—Elizabeth—was eating her heart out for her absent soldier husband. Beany had "fallen" for Norbett Rhodes, nephew of the safety manager against whom Martie was directing his sizzling traffic-safety editorials, and Norbett was attracted to Mary Fred, who would have none of him. When Norbett said, "You Malones stick your necks out for trouble," the openhearted Malone way suddenly seemed so wrong that Beany determined not to stick her neck out, and to protect her family from their willingness to take on other people's troubles. Almost immediately the Malone housekeeper left because wandering old Emerson Worth came to stay; Norbett became an implacable enemy when his car was impounded; and Beany tried to make friends with frozen-faced Kay Maffley by giving her dog a home. Mary Fred passed chemistry when Beany kept Norbett out of the way at a party. But the Phi Delts were about to drop her anyway for her loyalty to Ander Earhart, campus maverick who had defied sacred hazing traditions. To enlist Norbett's help Beany drove her brother Johnny's car through the snow without the required broke-and-light sticker, only to find that Norbett had started the resentment against Ander to get even with the Malones.

"The Parrot." It reminded readers that G. I.'s, who had fought for democracy, were entitled to start new traditions. The letter was signed, "Lover of Justice."

If Beany hadn't been so afraid Norbett would see her red eyes, she might have noticed that his were both hopeful and quizzical. But she heard only his mocking voice, "Can't you give three cheers for this anonymous Lover of Justice?"

She dared not open her lips—sobs could come out so easily. She turned her head and furiously attacked,

"If you want a certain thing—"

A few days later Beany, returning from school, found Mary Fred tussling with the folding ironing board in the butler's pantry. Over her arm was the pale blue, diaphanous dress Elizabeth had worn as freshman escort to the Homecoming

queen. Each year the escorts wore the same type of dress.

"Mary Fred, what are you doing with that dress?"

"Have you forgotten, my pet, that today the campus voted on the escorts?"

"You don't mean that you—"

Mary Fred gave a quick, unsmiling nod. "I was chosen to be freshman escort

(Continued on page 22)

Suddenly Norbett thrust a folded newspaper before her smarting eyes





Guest for the week end? Toasted coconut ice cream is a treat to make ahead, serve up on Sunday afternoon

WHEN your favorite cousin is spending the week end or a friend is staying over Saturday night at your house, Sunday breakfast becomes an important meal. Maybe you are both lazybones and like to sleep late on Sunday. Then brunch is the solution. That meal takes care of breakfast appetites with luncheon plenty!

At brunch you serve the traditional breakfast dishes—fruit, cereal, toast, and hot beverage—plus a heartier, luncheon-like dish. (See the menus.) For a very hungry crowd, end up with fruit, and pass around a plate of cookies or tarts.

Make brunch buffet style, arranging the plates, knives, forks, and napkins on the dining table or sideboard the night before; then, Sunday morning, let everyone serve himself. Maybe the family and guests will eat right there at the table. Maybe they will carry their plates or small trays into the living room, or out on the porch.

BUFFET BRUNCH NO. 1

Cornflake Apricots Toasted Muffins—Strawberry Jam
Creamed Chipped Beef or Creamed Eggs and Peas
Hot Beverages or Milk

CORNFLAKE APRICOTS

2 cups cornflakes 4 whole or 8 halves canned apricots
Syrup from the can Top milk or cream

Open the canned apricots on Saturday, empty into a glass or china bowl, cover, and place in the refrigerator.

When you start breakfast on Sunday morning, set the oven for moderate (350°) and light it. Pour 1½ cups of cornflakes into a shallow baking dish (see photograph). Drain the apricots, roll them in the remaining ½ cup of cornflakes, and place them

The Borden Company

MORE RECIPES

Send for your fifth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! More exciting recipes to help week-end hostesses—that's what you'll find in this loose-leaf illustrated folder. It's one of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First, second, third, and fourth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now.

Send us 6c in stamps for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 36.

Week-End Hostess

Helps by FLORENCE BROBECK

Cereal Institute

on top of the cornflakes in the baking dish. Pour over them about 2 tablespoons of apricot syrup. Set the dish in the oven and bake for 15 minutes. Serve warm with top milk, cream, or cream mixed with the rest of the apricot syrup. Serves 4.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

This can be prepared on Saturday, and kept in the refrigerator in a covered glass or enameled saucepan. Reheat it Sunday morning.

½ pound (8 oz. glass) chipped beef 3 tablespoons minced green pepper
3 tablespoons margarine or butter 3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons minced onion 2 cups milk

(Continued on page 32)

"Cornflake Apricots" make a simple but super brunch dish! Just roll drained, canned fruit in the cereal





Like as not there's a dress or suit in the back of your closet you haven't worn lately. "Perfectly good," says your mother, but you say it's shabby and old-look—or maybe that it's too tight or short this spring. Why not fix it? First try on the garment before a long mirror and decide what's wrong. Then study the make-over tricks pictured here and find the one that best solves the situation. They're easy tricks, adaptable to many problems, and they can work magic on a clothes allowance!



Worn at elbows and armholes, this dress was out of circulation. Now, with gay new sleeves, collar, pockets, it's back



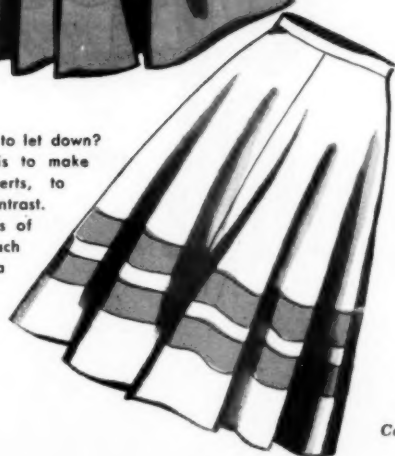
Right: Tricky camouflage for a too-tight dress is to insert contrasting grosgrain between seams. To insure best fit, rip the entire dress first, press each part carefully before stitching in ribbon

Make a cummerbund suit from an old dress by cutting apart at waistline, attaching skirt to elasticized belting. A bolero pattern will help in recutting top



Lengthen a short print by adding a wide band of plain fabric! First, applique print over plain, following zigzags of design as you stitch. Now trim off excess print with nail scissors and hem up plain fabric

Right: No hem to let down? One solution is to make two wide inserts, to match or contrast. Add three rows of stitching at each new seam for a finished look



Suppose your favorite blouse is riddled with holes made by lapel pins. Save it with straight lengths of goods, gingham perhaps, stitched in suspender style from waist to yoke on left and right side of the front



Drawings by JEAN EGAN
Courtesy Singer Sewing Centers

Cottons a'Coming





4618



4833

7115: Bright and gay to wear now and all summer! A dirndl skirt, cool cap sleeves, and simple cross-stitch embroidery for teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes 3 yards 35-inch fabric. Transfer for embroidery is included in pattern

4779: Here's everything you could ask that "special" dress to have. Gathered skirt tiers, round neck, puff sleeves are all simple to sew and the effect is definitely becoming. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material

4613: This smart little casual, with its hip accent, is very new-looking and easy to wear. A tiny, tiny waist, huge pockets are the designer's secrets. Sizes 10-16. For size 12, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch fabric, plus 1 yard contrasting, will be needed

4844: In a brief bolero, big whirling skirt, trim bow blouse, you'll go to the head of the class. Easy to sew, this ensemble is for sizes 12-18. In a size 16, bolero and skirt require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-in. fabric; blouse requires $1\frac{1}{6}$ yards 39-in.

4618: This is a dress that slips from day-time simplicity to after-dark charm. Ruffles, curves, wide skirt, gay petticoat—and note the buttoned bodice. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 dress requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch fabric; petticoat, $2\frac{1}{6}$ yards

4833: Cap sleeves, fitted waist, dirndl skirt mark this bowed dress, pretty for greeting a summer's day. We recommend it especially in gay stripes. Sizes 11-17. To make it in size 13 you will need 3 yards 39-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrast

Each pattern 25c

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 27.

Especially for young teens—a delicate batiste petticoat with eyelet trim. In young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$4.00

Your *Petticoat's* Showing

by JUNE BECKELMAN

Drawings by JUNE STEINGART



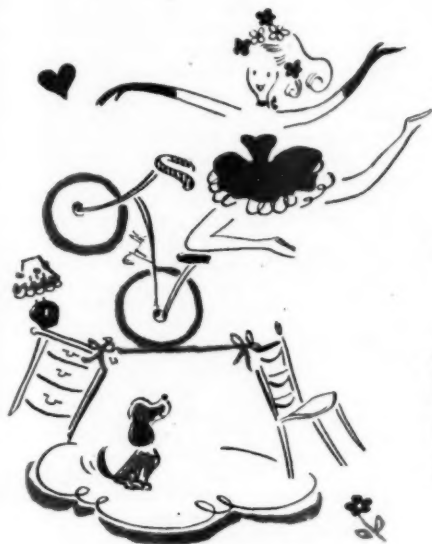
Here's one (above) with a frothy lace edge to show 'neath your hemline. Made of billowy white batiste, it comes in teen sizes 10-16, about \$3.00

Fragile eyelet embroidery and satin ribbon trim this whirling petticoat, about \$5.00, and matching camisole, about \$2.00; teen sizes 10-16

AT DAVISON-PAXON, ATLANTA; HUDSON'S, DETROIT; MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO



W HEN you look in the mirror, of course, somebody pretty nice looks back. And yet, at parties, do you sometimes burrow into the powder room, combing your hair over and over again in the hope of getting rid of that scared-rabbit feeling? Were you the girl



the Smiths forgot to introduce to those fascinating guests they had last summer? And worse yet, is it oftener than not your very own brother who drags you to school dances?

If things like this are happening to you, your social appeal needs a tonic. And by way of a vitamin pill, why not work up a specialty act?

Now by this I don't mean that you have to burst into a Swiss yodel at a minute's notice, or swing into the Sailor's Hornpipe, or anything like that. But if you'll cast an eagle eye around, you'll see that the popular people are those who have something very special in which they're interested. Maybe they have two or three special things. The point is that they're interesting because they're *interested*—in something.

So why don't you hunt up an interest, something that will spell YOU to all your friends and relatives every time they think of it? It should be easy



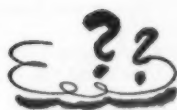
by **GERMAINE HANEY**

Drawings by LISL WEIL

to find that certain something. All you have to do is wake up to the possibilities in the everyday things around you. When you've once hit on what you like, go after it with all the intelligence, all the dollop and dash you have.



This is what I mean. Alice was just a girl—nice, but nothing spectacular. Her best point was a pretty good voice—at least it was a good voice when she bothered to remember what the glee-club director said about breathing. As far as school-work was concerned, Alice was just dragging along any old way.



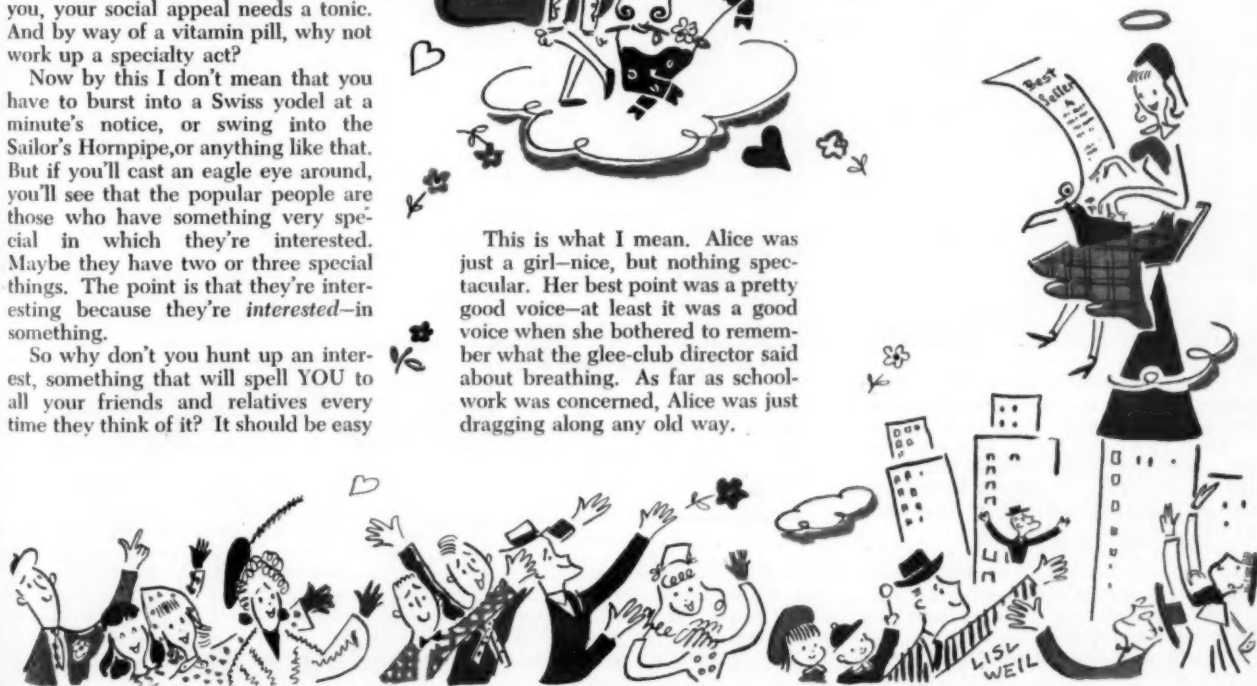
Then one day she tagged along with some girls who were buying records, and in the shop she picked up a couple of Mexican song hits. She took them into a booth by herself and tried them.

The next day those songs kept going through her head, and the first thing her friends knew Alice had given up sodas and begun to save her money for records. She played them over and over, Spanish dictionary in hand. She bought Spanish songbooks and studied them. And then, all of a sudden, Alice—with a little extra help from her Spanish teacher—blossomed into the school singing star. No party really could get going until she'd done the latest south-of-the-border hit.

Well, you can't do that sort of thing without bothering about your looks. Alice's grooming took a new lease on life. And, of course, one thing always leads to another. It wasn't long before Alice had quite a collection of Mexican handcraft. Everybody who goes touring brings her a unique carving, or an odd-shaped pottery jug, or a tin candlestick. When they come across things like that, they can't help thinking of Alice.

Success has gone to her head—or rather, to her brain. Of course she's turned into an outstanding Spanish student these days, but even better,

(Continued on page 37)



Beany Malone

(Continued from page 15)

to the Homecoming queen, believe it or not."

"Oh, then your Delts—?"

"Not my Delts, honey. I got it in spite of the Delts—not because of them. My votes came from the student body. Whether it was the letter in the 'Tribune' that made some of them ashamed to act like sheep, or whether it was my own inimitable charm is anybody's guess. So Mary Fred Malone will ride on the float behind the Varsity band," she added wryly, "but Mary Fred will *not* be wearing a corsage sent by the dear old sorority."

"But aren't you happy, Mary Fred?"

"Ask me something easy, Pieface. The voting was such a narrow squeak. All Delt votes went for a nice, docile lamb from the Delt fold." She lowered bleak, hurt eyes. "And the queen, I hear, is very disgruntled at having a lowly Independent for an attendant. But anyway," she added with dreary satisfaction, "I haven't—and I quote—'jeopardized Lila's whole future'—unquote. Lila received her engraved bid from the Delts today."

The Friday of the big University Homecoming parade in late November! High schools would dismiss early so that students could line the downtown streets and cheer the football float, the sorority floats, the float bearing the queen and her escorts.

But neither Elizabeth nor Donald McCallin would partake of any of the campus hospitality for Old Grads. For this day the surgeons at the Veterans' Hospital would operate on Lieutenant McCallin's leg.

When Kay Maffley heard that Beany was leaving school early to go, not to the parade, but to the hospital, she begged, "Let me go, too, Beany."

They walked over to Johnny's parked car. Norbett Rhodes stood beside it, studying the date on the brake-and-light sticker which had been issued the Monday of Harkness's football holiday. He turned to Beany and demanded gruffly, "Why didn't Johnny get his sticker sooner?"

Beany answered from her sharp queasiness, "He got it as soon as a garageman checked it."

What skulduggery was Norbett up to now, checking on the date? For the hundredth time, Beany thought, why didn't I report my accident?

She talked very fast to Kay as they drove to the hospital. "Let's just load Elizabeth up and take her to the parade with us. It'd do her good—there's no use her making herself sick, sitting out there. I don't think Faye would be so foolish."

Kay didn't answer.

At last they found Elizabeth. She was playing cribbage with a snub-nosed soldier in a washed-out hospital robe. They knew by the nervous strain in her face and by the empty bed near by that Don was still in the operating room.

"Look, Elizabeth," Beany burst out. "I've got Johnny's car outside and we can hurry and see the parade. We'll see Mary Fred, and you'll feel better if you get away from all this."

Elizabeth smiled into Beany's anxious eyes. "Thanks, dear, but I want to be here when Don comes out of the operating room."

"But Elizabeth, you'll just sit here and think about—about what the doctor said—"

"They'll amputate to the knee if they



OUR APRIL COVER

Lois Gardner, our February Cover Girl, is back once again. Since February, she has proved herself a very capable young lady—having been graduated from grammar school as valedictorian of her class. She also won the general excellence medal and the sewing prize. Lois is now enrolled in the Lodge Professional School in order to concentrate more fully on her career as a Conover model.

She is captivated by the smocked bodice and flattering eyelid trim of her cover dress by Petiteen. Of cotton broadcloth, it comes in maize, powder-blue, pink, and mint-green. Young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$13.00. You can buy this dress and those on pages 12 and 13 at any of the stores listed below.

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Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Fillene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus, Inc.
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There'll be an exciting AMERICAN GIRL Fashion Show this month at Cherry & Webb, Providence, R. I.

find the bone infected." Elizabeth faced it. "But if Don comes through all right, that doesn't matter. He'll still be Don."

Her eyes kept watching the door into the hall down which a cart would come

trundling, but she talked with almost feverish brightness, as though to keep her own tortured anxiety away from her visitors.

She was telling about a time when Beany was a little girl and she, Elizabeth, sang in the choir. "We sang that '*Dona nobis pacem*.' You see, Kay, in church Latin we pronounce the 'c' soft, so that it was 'pa-sem.'" She sang it softly, "*Dona nobis—dona nobis—pa-a-sem*. And Beany thought we were singing, 'Don't I know—don't I know—what Pa-a said.'"

She and Kay chuckled together.

Beany defended, "I never *did* know what Pa said."

"It means, 'Give us Thy peace,' Beany."

Why that was what Father had said to her. "Give them peace, Beany. Give them happiness. Keep them from having trouble."

Elizabeth was saying, "Of course, His peace doesn't mean a sit-down, folded-hands peace, or a running-away-from-trouble peace. He meant the kind that comes of standing up to trouble, and taking it."

"No, that isn't peace." Beany had a sudden picture of Faye in her sea-green velvet hostess gown, serving tea. "The trouble is, we Malones never have any peace. How could we, when we keep sticking our necks out for trouble? I don't want us always churned up inside."

Elizabeth gave her a loving pat. "Beany, you lug, grownups have to be churned up inside. I remember reading somewhere—it didn't make sense to me then, but it does now—"It is a terrible thing not to become a woman when one ceases to be a girl."

Kay edged forward on her chair, repeating it wonderingly, "'not to become a woman when one ceases to be a girl.'"

"It doesn't make sense," Beany said.

Then the door of the operating room opened. A nurse hurried out. Elizabeth asked weakly, "Is it over?"

"Just about. The doctor will be out in a minute to talk to you."

Elizabeth's hands played nervously with her jacket buttons. She turned to the girls and said swiftly, "There's something I wish you two would do. Go on home and look after little Martie. If I thought he would be all right, I'd stay out here at the guest-house tonight."

Kay offered impulsively, "I'll stay tonight and take care of little Martie."

"Oh, Kay, could you?"

The ward doors were flung open and Elizabeth said agitatedly, "You run along, kids, and look after Martie and Emerson."

As they walked back through the long wards Beany thought wretchedly, I wanted to save Elizabeth. But she shunted me off—so as to save me.

Silently they drove home. It was dusk as they rode down College Boulevard.

Then a queer thing happened. Kay was saying, "Beany, today when Elizabeth said 'It is a terrible thing not to become a woman when one ceases to be a girl,' I knew that Faye—"

Beany interrupted to say, "Speak of the angels and you hear the flapping of wings. There's Faye in your car now."

But it wasn't anything like a gentle flapping of angel's wings as the cream-colored car sped by them in reckless flight.

Old Emerson Worth had been knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. There was a commotion in front of the Malone house as Kay and Beany drove up. A knot of neighbors were there; a policeman, Johnny and little Martie, the driver of a bakery truck

Gloriously New



(A)

This snow-white broadcloth blouse is as frothy as whipped cream. The necks' ruffled with crisp stand-up eyelet batiste collar — circled with rich black velvet ribbon—jeweled with elegant black-and-white camo pin. The wide front yoke is doubly ruffled all the way 'round to frame your pretty face. Full sleeves nip below the elbows; set off the wrists with elastic eyelet trimmed ruffles. Sizes 32 to 42. Washes beautifully.

(B)

The crisp pique yoke invites romantic glances . . . as the exquisite eyelets show your soft loveliness. Eyelet ruffles caress your slender neck, outline the luxurious yoke, trim the elastic cuffs. Billowy bracelet-length sleeves make your wrists kissably delicate. Styled with five pearl-tone buttons and perky black ribbon. Made of luxurious snow white broadcloth. Wonderfully washable. Sizes 32 to 42.



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(C)

LACE LUXURY . . . Crisp, white bow-and-lace print.

(D)

FIESTA . . . Snowy tile pattern—with brilliant yellow, green and red simulated ric-rac.

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who had seen the accident a block away, and Mrs. No-Complaint Adams, who had seen it, too. She was working extra time for Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams, and she had seen the old man dart into the street to save little Martie. He had pushed the little fellow out of harm's way before the car had hit him.

In the center of it all was old Emerson himself, shaky, yet glowering at them for trying to make a hero of him.

"Did anybody get the license number of the car?" the policeman asked.

No one had. But both the driver of the bakery truck and Mrs. Adams said it was a light-colored car.

"Didn't it even slow down?"

"It did not!" the bakery driver exploded. "It went on so fast that when it turned onto College Boulevard, it took the corner on two wheels."

Through all the questioning Kay listened, a tight sickness on her face. Did Kay think it was her mother? But that was silly, Beany reasoned. Just because Faye had passed them on College, clipping along—other cars were light-colored.

Then Mrs. No-Complaint Adams inquired casually, "What would you folks like me to fix for your supper?" and thus did she return to the Malones.

Emerson Worth was asleep when Mary Fred returned from the Homecoming parade. She stood outside his door and listened to Johnny's account of the accident and his assurance that the old fellow was more shocked than hurt.

She shivered as she stood there in the puff-sleeved, rippling-skirted glory of freshman escort to the queen.

"How did it go?" Beany asked anxiously.

"Like smallpox," Mary Fred admitted.

"The queen made chitchat with all the attendants—but not with the campus pariah."

"Where's Lila?" Johnny asked. "I thought she'd be coming home with you."

Mary Fred answered brightly, "Lila went on to the buffet supper at the Delt house."

"Are you going to the dance with Ander tonight?" Beany was concerned.

"I was going," her sister told her. "I was going just to show them they couldn't lick me. But I—I think I've had all this one-against-the-pack that I can take," she finished brokenly.

Walking down the stairs, Beany heard Kay telephoning her mother that she was staying overnight at the Malones. If only Faye would say with her ready laugh, "Oh, did I pass you on College? I was tearing like mad because of an appointment."

But Kay turned disappointedly from the phone. "The operator at the hotel says Faye told her not to ring her. She has a headache. I told her to ask Faye to call here."

The telephone rang while Kay was undressing little Martie. But it wasn't Faye, for Kay said, "Oh, Elizabeth—"

"Don't tell her about little Martie almost being hit," everyone warned her.

Kay nodded understandingly and asked, "How did the operation come out? Oh—Oh, Elizabeth, you're so wonderful!"

Each one looked at her entreatingly as she turned from the telephone. "Yes," she answered their unspoken question, "they had to amputate. But Don came through it fine. Elizabeth is coming home in the morning to get some things for him. She said she was so relieved, because she had been afraid the infection had spread, and

(Continued on page 28)

Date Maker



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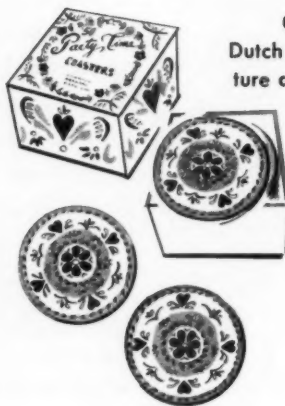
"Serve It Buffet" by Florence Brobeck makes entertaining so simple. It tells you what to serve, gives lots of interesting recipes, and actually plans the menus for you. You can order it for \$2.00 from the Book Department of Hudson's, Detroit



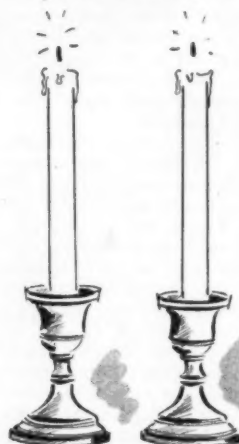
By JONNI BURKE

Drawings by LISL WEIL

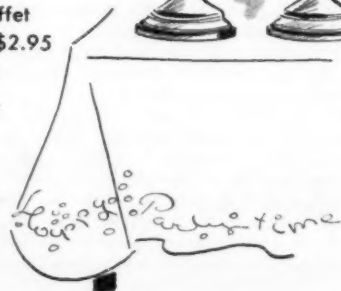
Gay coasters with Pennsylvania Dutch designs will protect your furniture and add a colorful touch to the party. A box of 50 heavy paper coasters, 75c at Joanne Bent, 45 Grove St., New York City 14

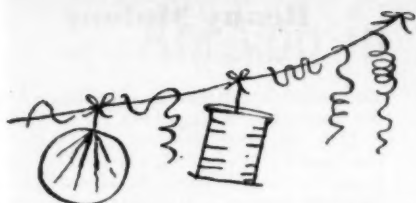


The soft glow of candlelight lends enchantment to any party. Use these solid brass candlesticks of colonial design on your dining or buffet table. Just send \$2.95 for the pair to Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City 3



LISL
WEIL





Pass the cookies in this novel New England type bucket. Of varnished wood, it has a bright hand-painted floral design and "cookies" written right across the cover. \$2.49 at Gotham Gifts, P.O. Box 61, Station Y, New York City 21

TEEN SHOP talk



Outdoor roasts are always fun! Grill your steaks and hamburgers on this collapsible steel grid. It's strong and substantial and varnish-dipped to prevent rusting. Write for No. X13-305 at 70c to The Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th St., New York City 17



This unique nutcracker is so easy to use—just turn the handle and the shell is broken. And you won't have bits of shell all over the floor—they're all caught in the cup. \$1.95 at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59th St., New York City 22



Here's a real collector's item which all your jazz fan guests will love—the Disc album, "Opera in Vout," by the Grove Juice Symphony featuring Slim Gaillard and Bam Brown. \$2.89 at the Liberty Music Shop, 450 Madison Ave., New York City 22



You'll stay neat and attractive while serving in Gingham Girl's hostess apron of gay floral printed Everglaze chintz. The bottom is scalloped and edged with contrasting binding. Only \$1.98 in the aprons at Bamberger's, Newark, New Jersey



Please order items from stores and mention The American Girl

COOL LINEN SMOOTH BRASSIERES BY Maiden Form

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"



Cool to the eye, cool to the touch, these brassieres of 100% pure imported Linen wash like the proverbial handkerchief . . . and actually thrive on hard wear and frequent laundering. As for fit, they mould and support with that perfection smart women always associate with the proud name of Maiden Form.

Featured in Maiden Form's "Ariette" design for youthful figures, \$1.50. The same style in Broadcloth or Plaid Gingham also \$1.50; with 2-inch band in Bengaline, \$1.75, or in Linen, \$2.50.

Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS



Check pattern number and size and enclose 25c (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 18 and 19

- ☐ 7115—Dress with Crossstitching
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4779—Dress with Tiered Skirt
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 4613—Dress with Large Pockets
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4944—Bolero Ensemble
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 4618—Dress with Petticoat
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
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Pattern Department
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THE NEW WHIRLIGIRL

ONLY 3⁹⁸ 2 for 7.85

Saves you money — makes you look your loveliest. Plaid collar and tie — slim princess waistline; ties in the back. Plaid inserts in the 144 inch, new length Ballerina skirt. Cotton "Wundalin", washes beautifully. Gray with Red Plaid, Aqua with Brown Plaid.

Junior
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Sizes:
9 to 15



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Send No Money—
We Mail Immediately.
Full satisfaction or money back.
Even if you've never
ordered by mail before,
this is one time you
should.
Write for FREE Style Folder

Please send
"Whirligirls" on approval
at \$3.98 each (2 for 7.85)
plus postage and C.O.D.
charges. If not delighted,
I may return purchase
within ten days for refund.
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price plus 20 cents post-
age, saving C.O.D. fee.
Same refund privilege.)

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Circle Size: 9 11 13 15

Circle Colors: Gray and red Aqua and brown

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Address _____

City & State _____

GIRLS! HERE'S an EASY WAY to KEEP a CLEAR SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Just do this—wash your
face night and morning
with luxurious Cuticura
Soap, then smooth on fra-
grant, creamy Cuticura
Ointment. Recommended
by many nurses. Buy at
your neighborhood drug-
gists. Buy today!



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AROUND THE WORLD FOR 10¢

EXCITING LAND, SEA and AIR Travel Hobby.
Authentic, colorful, travel and sports insignia
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foreign Airlines, Steamships, Railroads, Hotels, Major
League Ball Clubs and many others. Send 10¢ for
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Sparkles by day—reflects by
night. Be safe on the streets.
No batteries or wires to
worry about. Easily attached to
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insignia, 4-H emblem or
Star. (Mounted in durable chrome
bracket.) Order now! Send no money.
C. O. D. \$1. plus few cents postage.

\$1⁰⁰

Granby Woodcraft
NO. GRANBY, CONN.

Beany Malone

(Continued from page 25)

Don wouldn't pull through. She didn't think the amputation was *anything*."

They all stood there with tears rolling unashamedly down their cheeks. Yet they seemed to feel Elizabeth's relief and elation. Elizabeth had said, "It doesn't matter. He'll still be Don."

"The Malones are the beatenest for stand-
ing up to things," Mrs. Adams declared,
sniffing.

Mary Fred exclaimed suddenly, "Mrs. Adams, may I use the teakettle? I'll give my hair a quick steam and curl. I'm going to that Homecoming dance tonight!"

(To be concluded)

Women of the Press

(Continued from page 11)

You'll watch reporters and editors at work, and learn how they cover a story and how they judge what space it deserves.

A student living near a large city has a chance to become the college correspondent for a newspaper. The correspondent takes full responsibility for covering news from her college for the newspaper that hires her. One girl now writing important stories for the morning paper in a large city got her start this way. She gathered her stories between classes, went to the newsroom of the paper each evening, and wrote as much as the city editor would allow. In return she received not only "space rates" (meaning she was paid a certain amount for each inch her story measured in the paper) but also gained invaluable experience. In fact, she did so well that when she finished college she was put on the staff of the paper.

Other people have taken different paths into the field. And here's a hint to anybody with a special interest or hobby—such as gardening, music, dancing, interior decorating, cooking, art, or even stamp collecting. Your better-than-average knowledge in one of these fields might some day be the deciding factor in getting you into a nice little niche in a special section of a newspaper. You can't count on it, of course, but mention your hobby when applying for a job. Maureen Orcutt of "The New York Times" mentioned a special skill she had. And if you read her stories, you know she doesn't only *write* about golf. She plays the game, too—and wins.

When you are ready to go out and look for a job on a newspaper, remember that journalism, like other businesses, needs good stenographers, typists, errand girls, and other office helpers. Unless you're obstinately intent on getting immediately into the more romantic-sounding classification of reporter, you can make yourself an important cog in the great machinery of the press by taking one of these jobs. The advantage of this lies in your being on the inside. An apprenticeship here gives you the chance to bring yourself to the editor's attention by turning in short pieces for the radio, drama, or women's news sections, perhaps. It takes time and persistence, as a girl who has done it can tell you. Listen to a typical story from Dorothy Barclay, a successful young lady reporter:

"I always intended to go to 'The Times.'
(Continued on page 32)

Are you in the know?



A smooth gal's fancy lightly turns to —

- ☐ Thoughts of going steady
- ☐ Dreams of prom bids
- ☐ Shoes of gold

Her brain may be tucked with date data, but a smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush—for sandals with that Midas touch. They're untarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days)—comfortably. For the new Kotex gives a new high in softness. Dreamy softness that holds its shape. And Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which lends your noggin news-appeal?

- ☐ Phony tresses
- ☐ Ubangi earbobs
- ☐ A crew cut

Bored with your bookings? A different coiffure may help snag a new stag. It's fun to experiment with false tresses. Maybe you'd add a cluster of curls. Maybe you'll find a chignon has come-on. And, if you're unsure about bangs, it's safer to buy 'em than cut 'em! On problem days there's a way to be sure of the right napkin for your needs. Simply try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. You'll discover the one for you!



For graduation, would you give him —

- ☐ Sports equipment
- ☐ A magazine subscription
- ☐ His pet platter

Make it a simple but thoughtful token, like any of those mentioned above. He's fair-ways-frantic? Buy a few good golf balls. Or, sign on the line for his favorite magazine. You could give him a disc he's dizzy about. Whichever you choose, he'll be grateful! And come commencement, join the festivities—"calendar" time or no. Remember, Kotex has an exclusive safety center. How grateful you'll be for that extra protection that vetoes nagging cares!



What will help improve your voice?

- ☐ More volume
- ☐ Two volumes
- ☐ Whistling

Let your sound effects be listen-worthy. Want to get rid of a rasp? A twang? A high-pitched "little girl" voice? This daily breathing routine helps: Lie flat on the floor; park two "volumes" on your diaphragm. Take 20 deep breaths. The rising

of the books shows you're breathing correctly, for a richer quality of voice. You can always "breathe easy" on difficult days . . . confident that Kotex will keep your secret. Yes, you'll bless those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*



3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ De-fuzz your gums
- ☐ Make with the mouthwash
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

No doubt your breath's above reproach . . . your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well isn't there something you *didn't* remember—like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt! You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit, for a Kotex Belt is all-elastic; adjustable . . . doesn't bind!



**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Ask for it by name



Covers

WELLMAN, TEXAS: I have just finished reading the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The stories were simply marvelous. I especially liked *Fourth Estate* and I can hardly wait for the next issue to come so as to read *Beany Malone*. Please keep giving us articles such as *February Fun*.

I disagree very much with Terrill Schukraft in saying that you ruin the magazine with the awful covers you have. I simply adore them. Keep putting those marvelous covers on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

PEGGY JONES

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA: I think the outfit pictured on your February cover is cute, but the model! That suit is sophisticated enough for a woman of thirty-five, and you put it on a twelve-year-old! In California, girls do not wear lipstick or nail polish until they are fourteen, and we would feel silly in stockings unless we were very dressed up.

HELEN GLASS

Preteens

STURGEON, MISSOURI: My sister and I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for quite some time, but have never written you. We both think the magazine wonderful, but we have a complaint. Let's have a page of styles for preteens.

I disagree with the girls who say to leave out jokes. I think they are the best thing in the magazine.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I am a mascot cheerleader. Let's have an article on basketball.

SARA MUNYON

We do include preteen fashions in almost every issue. Perhaps you just haven't spotted them. They come in sizes 10-14 and have been described as preteens, subteens, and youngteens. For example, see pages 12, 16, and the cover in this issue. The Editors.

Chubbies

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY: I am twelve years of age and in the seventh grade. I have subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost three years.

I like the fashions very much. The only thing is, I am chubby and would like to suggest some chubbette styles. I am sure other girls will agree with me.

I enjoyed *An Anchor for Her Heart* and *Shoestring Theater*. All the stories I like, too. I have noticed that you are putting in more pictured jokes and they are my favorites.

FRANCES MAIER

"Designed to Minimize," in the January, 1948 issue, features two of the new cottons especially designed for chubby girls, and there are more coming. The Editors.

Hawaiian Statehood

HILO, HAWAII: We in Hawaii look forward to a New Year and statehood. The feelings toward the matter of Hawaii becoming a State differ greatly in our crowd. I know quite a few who are wholly against it, and some who think it would be wonderful. Personally I don't exactly know what to think, except that our local government will be changed to some extent and we'll have more say-so in Washington. We are studying quite a lot about it in Social Studies.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years and have enjoyed it immensely. I am very much interested in horses. Seeing a *Malone* story back again makes me happy, for when I started taking this magazine a *Malone* serial was just ending.

Good luck to you all. Aloha!

MARILYN WENCE

Dramatic Appreciation

PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for one and a half years and haven't found anything at all wrong with it yet.

I especially like the Pat Downing stories, and *Shoestring Theater* was tops. I liked it so much I read the full book of their adventures in show business.

I am a Girl Scout and have found that many of your articles have helped me in my badges. I am working on my Dramatic Appreciation badge now and it would be very helpful if you would feature an article about theaters in various ages and countries, with pictures and sketches if possible.

HILGERTH SAARI

Veterinary

CALPELLA, CALIFORNIA: Wonderful, wonderful, I said to myself as I was reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have always wanted to be a veterinary but I never told anyone, because they might think it was an odd thing for a girl to want to be. I'm glad I have at least three companions in this field. They are: Mary Wright, Phyllis Agar, and Nancy Hirsch, who all said *Doctoring the Animal Kingdom* was swell, and I agree.

JUANITA SPEIRS

London Reader

LONDON, ENGLAND: At last I am writing this letter to you. I think your magazine is super; we have nothing like it in London.

Your stories are wonderful, and I con-

gratulate you on your marvelous covers. They're out of this world, especially the cover girls. I like your *Turntable Tips*. It helps me get both kinds of records.

I like to keep in touch with other parts of the world, and this magazine helps me to do so. My pen pal lives in Illinois, and she has ordered me *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for another year.

I keep the copies as souvenirs of America. Good luck, and thanks a lot.

BETTY TAYLOR

Cover Girl

LITTLE SILVER, NEW JERSEY: I am a recent subscriber to your wonderful magazine, and I'm wondering why I didn't subscribe sooner.

When I received the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I noticed a certain girl modeling. Well, that girl goes to our school, Red Bank Catholic High. Her name is Carol Gerard. Later, in the January issue, I found Carol on the front cover, and she looks swell. I really wish you would mention the schools the front-cover models go to. By the way, I took my *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine to school with me today and it went all over the class. Gosh, but they like it. Even our Sisters who teach us.

I have noticed that you publish articles on careers. How about one on becoming a newspaper reporter?

GLORIA GIGLIO

Watch for "Women of the Press," an article on careers in newspaper work, in the April issue. The Editors.

Animals Versus Fashion

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about six years, and it's high time I wrote to tell you what a swell magazine it is. I thoroughly disagree with the girls who said that you emphasized animals too much, and I agree with Babs Owen about having too many fashions. Two or three pages would be enough, I think. I would like to see more articles on make-up, hairdos, and on clothes of different styles and colors for girls of varied figure types and coloring.

I was a Brownie for three years, a Scout for five. Then I was undecided between becoming a Mariner or a Wing Scout. I remedied that situation by becoming a Mariner and taking flight lessons too. I get my junior pilot license in May.

BABS ANDREWS

We've Improved

RIVERDALE, NEW YORK: Around three years ago I subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Unfortunately, because we moved to a small

town in Tennessee, I lost track of your wonderful magazine. This past year we returned to New York and my twin brother, Larry, gave me a subscription for Christmas.

I was amazed and pleased to see how much it had improved since I'd last seen it. My two older brothers, Tod and Steve, used to tease me about reading a "sissy" magazine, but now they both agree that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is really something.

I'm fourteen years old and am very interested in technical engineering and architecture. I wonder if you could print an article on these subjects.

Laurie Gardener

Beauty Quiz

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: I just happened to be looking over my old *AMERICAN GIRLS* and found *What's Your B.Q.P.*, so I thought I'd try my luck at it. Well, I didn't do so well. I made 58. I didn't even pass. I think you should put some more of those tests in the magazine.

I disagree with Babs J. Owen about the fashions. I think there should be more fashions instead of less.

Patricia Ann Ray

Camp Fire Girl

CORSICANA, TEXAS: I just received my February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* today.

I have thought quite a lot about being a missionary and I really liked *Little Teachers of Yu Tsai*. I am simply wild about Pat Downing stories and anxious to see how *Beany Malone* comes out.

We do not have Girl Scouts here, but I am a Camp Fire Girl and am on my Fire-maker Rank.

Elaine Steele

Thanks From England

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND: I would like to thank you for publishing my request in the February edition of your magazine.

The response was simply terrific, I've had almost eighty letters and lots of magazines, which I am going to pass on to the orphanage and hospitals in my district.

Most of the girls took a chance on Nottingham, England, for my address, but fortunately the letters, etc. arrived safely, despite the fact that Nottingham has a population of 270,000.

I would like to thank all the girls personally, but that would be an impossibility, as there has been such a generous response. The letters gave my family and myself great pleasure, and the postman wondered what it was all about as he kept giving me large bundles of letters and magazines tied up with string!

Thank you very much for enabling me to continue enjoying your magazine.

Barbara Walker

Many readers also sent letters to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* requesting Barbara's address. They will see by the above that Barbara has as many copies of the magazine as she can handle, but we are trying to work out a way in which additional subscriptions and copies of the magazines which have come to this office can be passed on to other English girls. We wish to thank all of our readers for their generous response to this appeal.

The Editors

Please address your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE END

The American Girl

FOUR

PERT

REASONS

WHY



style 9325



style 8025

Polly  DEBS

All with ankle-hugging top lines to help retain their smooth fit.

TOP

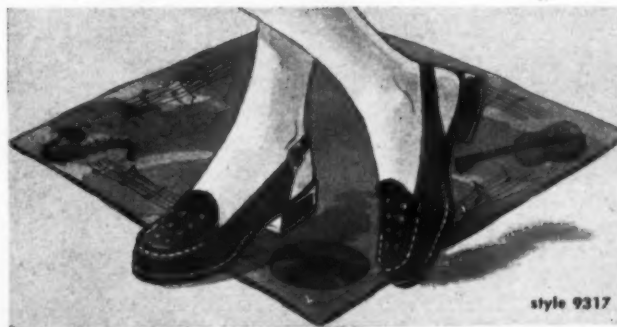
THE

"GALLOP"

POLL



style 9331



style 9317

Write for name of nearest dealer.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND

DIV. OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

Women of the Press

(Continued from page 28)

where my father had worked. But the editor wrote and said the best I could expect was a secretarial job. I thought I should be a reporter, since I'd had a good deal of experience working on my college paper in Florida, and on a local paper, on a part-time basis, during the school year. I had done everything from filing cuts to fitting headlines, including sharpening pencils, answering phones, and writing.

"But since I realized the editor of 'The Times' must know what he was talking about, I came to New York and found a job in a business office. I wrote to 'The Times' editor and asked for the next secretarial job open in the editorial department. One year later I had it. For six months I answered inquiries in the Women's News department. Then I worked for the editor of the Sunday Women's Page, who started me off writing captions, checking on stories by telephone, and arranging for censorship from the War Department. Almost a year later I wrote several stories for the daily paper. Then the editor called me in and told me that at last I was a reporter!"

As you can gather, a small-town daily, or a weekly newspaper, is your best bet for getting early basic training. As a cub you'll have to serve many months, as Dorothy did, in a job you may not enjoy very much, to learn the fundamentals of your trade.

But whatever your job, it will be a beginning, and will put you in a good spot to see the older, more experienced reporters at work.

Gradually, you'll learn how to put to use the four basic qualifications we spoke of earlier. You'll find out how to gather news and how to write it; you'll study the technique of interviewing; of checking on every angle of a story; and of writing feature articles especially suited to your paper. You'll learn how to get your copy out fast, and how to get the most satisfaction out of doing your own job well. Then you'll be ready to climb up the journalistic ladder.

PERHAPS you're asking, "What's the future in the field of journalism?" In respect to money, the outlook is pretty good. Not so many years ago this wasn't true. Reporters, printers, photographers, clerical helpers, or any newspaper workers were considered underpaid, with long hours and little assurance that their jobs were secure. Today, minimum-wage rates have been set, and working conditions in general have been improved. This all means that if you work on a paper, your pay and hours probably will compare favorably with those in most other businesses. For example, a beginning reporter on a daily paper in New York City today should get at least \$45 a week, with an annual raise of \$10 for three years. A copygirl probably would receive \$25 or \$30 a week, a secretary about \$40, and a photographer's assistant about \$30 a week to start. On smaller papers, and in other localities, the salaries may be lower.

As you climb the ladder from cub to staff reporter, then perhaps to columnist, critic, foreign correspondent, or editor, you'll cover more important stories and earn more money. The editor of a women's news section, for example, usually earns over \$100 a week.

But of course money isn't the chief concern of anyone who thinks she has printer's ink in her veins. If you feel you have, the real incentive for you will come from that eager perusal of the first edition, with the ink not yet dry on it, to see what "play" your story got. The feeling of achievement will mean everything to you—whether you wrote the story, assigned it, planned the art work or the make-up, took photographs for it, or helped check the background details. Whatever your part in putting out the paper, you'll have the pleasant feeling of being right on the scene, recording history as it is being made—and maybe, in a way, helping to make it yourself.

THE END

Weekend Hostess Helps

(Continued from page 16)

Pull the dried beef apart in strips; do not mince or cut it up.

Melt the butter in the saucepan and add the minced onion and green pepper, stirring until the onion turns golden; then sprinkle with the flour. Stir well, add the milk slowly, stirring constantly until mixture begins to thicken. Add the beef. Let cook slowly, stirring occasionally, till thickened to the consistency of a medium white sauce. Remove from heat and when cool, cover the pan and put it in the refrigerator and reheat the next morning as you heat the muffins and prepare the beverages.

This makes 4 good portions. Serve it on toast or toasted, split muffins.

(Continued on page 34)

KEEP FUN GOING PAUSE FOR COKE



Background for Editorship

*The Story of
Kay Plummer*

EXTRA EDITIONS are habitual with dailies, but most unusual in the weekly employee newspaper field. Kay Plummer, in her editorship of General Electric's Chemical Department *News*, has gone "extra" twice—to celebrate VE and VJ Days.

As *News* editor, Kay writes for far-flung Department employees—in Taunton, Mass., Meriden, Conn., Scranton, Pa., Coshocton, O., Schenectady and Waterford, N. Y., Anaheim, Cal., and Fort Wayne, Ind., as well as Pittsfield, Mass., where she maintains headquarters. As the first girl to edit a departmental Company *News*, Kay took to her job experience and background as an artist, factory night shift worker, waitress, "five-and-ten" salesgirl, stenographer, and writer. For other girls aspiring to similar jobs, Kay says, "Try to do as well as you can anything that comes along." *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*



From the seventh grade on, classes at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts enriched Kay's elementary schooling in New York and Waltham, Mass. Besides tutoring some fellow students in Latin, Kay read a lot, wrote for and then edited the school paper, and still later edited the school's yearbook.



During two years at Simmons College, Kay kept up her art studies. She majored in English, minored in history, and took up folk dancing and fencing. Although she wrote for the school paper and literary magazine, she helped pay expenses by working in a factory, waiting on tables, and clerking in stores.



Kay went with General Electric in Pittsfield as a secretary, practicing her self-taught typing and shorthand. After a time, she began work on the *Plastics News* that began life as only an insert. When the Chemical Department was formed, Kay was named the *News*' first editor.



Besides painting, Kay uses her spare time to write in her book-littered room at home. She's written a child's book she may illustrate herself and is rewriting a novel she based on an old legend. But during working hours Kay contends with a wide range of problems.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Captain Tootsie

TAME A TORNADO

BY C.C. BECK



HOOTIN' ZOOTS! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE RICH 'N CREAMY—JUST GOSH-A-MIGHTY GOOD! COMES IN CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA FLAVORS. GET TOOTSIE FUDGE AT YOUR FAVORITE CANDY COUNTER TODAY!



CREAMED EGGS AND PEAS
 5 hard-cooked eggs 4 tablespoons mar-
 1 (16 oz.) can small garine
 peas (or 1½ cups 4 tablespoons flour
 cooked peas) 2 cups milk
 ½ teaspoon salt

To hard-cook eggs, place the fresh eggs in a saucepan. Add cold water until ½" of water covers eggs, and bring to boiling. When boiling hard, turn off the heat, cover the pan, and let it stand there 15 minutes. Drain off the warm water and let cold water from the faucet run over the eggs till they are chilled. Peel, put in a covered dish in the refrigerator till the next morning.

Open the peas, but do not drain; put in a covered dish in the refrigerator.

At breakfast time, first get the cornflake apricots into the oven; then prepare the creamed eggs and let them stand in their saucepan at the back of the range.

To prepare them, slice the hard-cooked eggs thin; drain the peas, combine the eggs and peas.

Melt the margarine in a saucepan, stir the flour smoothly into it, add the milk slowly, stirring all the time. Season with salt. Stir the sauce till it boils and begins to thicken. When it is like medium white sauce, add the eggs and peas. Heat 7 minutes, then serve on toast. Serves 4 to 6.

BUFFET BRUNCH No. 2

Puffed Cereal

American Girl Scrambled Eggs or Meat Patties with Mushroom Gravy

Toast Grape Jam

Hot Beverages or Milk

Orange Slices Cookies or Fruit Tart

AMERICAN GIRL SCRAMBLED EGGS

1 tablespoon butter ½ teaspoon pepper
 1 teaspoon grated ½ teaspoon sugar
 onion 4 eggs
 1 cup strained 4 slices bread
 canned tomatoes 3 tablespoons dev-
 ¼ teaspoon salt illed ham

Make this version of scrambled eggs in a double boiler. Have the water boiling fast in the lower part; set the top in place (the water should touch it) and put in the butter. When melted, add the onion, tomatoes, salt, pepper, and sugar. Cover and cook 8 minutes. Beat the eggs slightly and stir into the first mixture. Let cook till thickened and creamy. Break up any large curds of egg with a fork.

Toast the bread. Butter it, spread with deviled ham, and top with scrambled eggs. Makes 4 servings.

MEAT PATTIES AND MUSHROOM GRAVY

1 lb. chopped raw ¼ cup bread crumbs
 beef or hamburger 1 (10½ oz.) can
 ¾ teaspoon salt condensed mush-
 ½ teaspoon paprika room soup
 1 egg

The meat patties can be mixed and shaped the day before.

Mix the chopped meat with the salt and paprika. Beat the egg slightly, stir it and the crumbs into the meat. When well mixed, shape into small patties (2" across, ½" thick). Place them in a covered dish in the coldest part of the refrigerator till ready to cook.

At breakfast time, heat a heavy frying pan; when it is hot, lay the patties in it and let them sear well on both sides. Turn (Continued on page 36)

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



MY DOG RUSTY—is the latest of the series of "Rusty" pictures which can be recommended wholeheartedly to fans. The real star, of course, is "Rusty," a handsome German shepherd called "Flame" by his owner. This episode finds Rusty following the footsteps of his young master, Ted Donaldson, in a series of adventures which teach the boy the real value of truth and honesty.

THE SAINTED SISTERS—is great fun on all counts. There's never a dull moment with Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield, a couple of not-so-smart adventuresses of the 90's, finding themselves stranded in a tiny New England town and up against Barry Fitzgerald, a con-niving Yankee. Laughs galore, sparkling work by the three stars and the leading man, good-looking George Reeves.



FORT APACHE—is genuinely top-notch entertainment, a picture to put on your "must see" list automatically. Director John Ford gives us a super-Western, with hundreds of soldiers and Indians, an authentic story of the old West, and a superlative cast including John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Shirley Temple, and her real-life husband, John Agar, playing Shirley's sweetheart. (He does a fine job, too.)

SCUDDA HOO, SCUDDA HAY—is a pleasure to recommend—a perfect family picture in gorgeous technicolor, with Len McCallister and June Haver in the romantic leads, plus Walter Brennan and Anne Revere. The story, by George Agnew Chamberlain, tells of a boy's triumph over misfortune with the aid of two stubborn mules. The title, incidentally, means "gee" and "haw" to real mule drivers.



by CAROL CRANE

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SET #B contains photos of Cornel Wilde, June Allyson, Van Johnson, Dale Evans, Sunset Carson, Rita Hayworth, James Mason, Joan Caulfield, Kurt Kreuger, Betty Grable, Nelson Eddy, Greer Garson, Robert Cummings, Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Ingrid Bergman.

SET #C contains photos of Robert Mitchum, Elizabeth Scott, Tyrone Power, Ann Sheridan, Dick Haymes, Joan Crawford, Len McCallister, Ida Lupino, Perry Como, Alexis Smith, Frank Sinatra, Betty Hutton, Jean Pierre Aumont, Deanna Durbin, Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

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SET #E contains photos of Frank Latimore, Lauren Bacall, Dane Clark, Kathryn Grayson, Gig Young, Martha Vickers, Charles Korvin, Andrea King, Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeffrey Lynn, Janis Paige, Ross Hunter, Eleanor Parker, Dennis Morgan, Angela Greene.

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SET #H contains photos of Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Bing Crosby, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Bill Boyd, Dane Clark, Shirley Temple, Dale Evans, Danny Kaye, Margaret O'Brien, Yvonne DeCarlo, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Gene Autry.

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HOW TO BE BIG-HEARTED ON A BANKRUPT BUDGET



Events have a way of sneaking up on you. Like having little sister's birthday come the very week you've already raided your pig-bank for nylons! So you're counting the coins that are left. Hmmmm—there's enough to get the kid that charm for her bracelet, but not enough, definitely, for the cake you planned to buy. What to do?

ANSWER

Make her this new kind of birthday cake, by the easy recipe given below. She'll be the envy of every kid on the block—and you'll have started a new style in birthday cakes that won't do your big-sister rep any harm!

POP-CORN BIRTHDAY CAKE

5 quarts popped corn
1½ cups light molasses
¾ cup corn syrup

1½ teaspoons vinegar
2 tablespoons Nucoa margarine
1 teaspoon salt

Discard any hard or partially popped kernels and pour popped corn into a large pan or bowl lightly greased with Nucoa. Sprinkle with salt and set aside. Now make ready a large tube cake pan, greasing the inside (sides, bottom and all around the tube) well with Nucoa. Then melt 2 tablespoons Nucoa in a saucepan. Add the molasses, syrup and vinegar and boil the mixture until a test spoonful dropped into a cup of cold water turns brittle (270°F.). Pour the boiling-hot syrup over your popped corn, mix quickly with a large fork until corn is well covered, then turn it into your tube pan and press it down firmly all around. Cool thoroughly. Loosen carefully and remove from pan onto large chop plate. Decorate with the desired number of candles. Use a sharp knife to cut cake—and see if its crispy delicacy isn't a sensation with ice cream!



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Weekend Hostess Helps

(Continued from page 34)

carefully with spatula so as not to break. Open the can of condensed mushroom soup; if it is thicker than gravy, thin it with 4 to 8 tablespoons of milk or cream. Pour this over the patties and let cook in covered skillet for 30 minutes. This serves 4.

AFTERNOON SNACK

Here's a recipe for one full quart of delicious ice cream which is easy to make in the automatic refrigerator. Make it Saturday. Then when friends drop in Sunday afternoon to meet your houseguest, you'll serve it up on pretty dessert dishes.

TOASTED COCONUT ICE CREAM

2 teaspoons quick-method plain gelatin	2 cups milk
½ cup sugar	¾ cup shredded coconut
¼ teaspoon salt	1 cup cream
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine the gelatin, sugar, and salt in a saucepan. Add the milk and place over medium heat till the gelatin is dissolved. Stir all the time. Do not let it boil. After 2 or 3 minutes of cooking and stirring, remove the pan from the heat. Let it cool. Then set it in the refrigerator to get cold. While it chills (½ hour) whip the cream stiff. Fold the whipped cream and vanilla into the chilled gelatin mixture. Turn this into a freezing tray of the refrigerator. Set the control for the coldest freezing temperature.

Spread the coconut in a thin layer in a pie or cookie pan; set in a moderate oven (350°) for 15 minutes, stirring once or twice. When the coconut is slightly browned remove the pan from the oven.

When the ice cream is partially frozen (after about 1 hour) remove the tray from the refrigerator, scrape the ice cream into a chilled bowl, and beat with a wheel egg beater. Beat in the toasted coconut.

Return the ice cream to the freezing tray and freeze 30 minutes longer. Then scrape into a bowl and beat again. Put it back into the tray and let freeze till firm (3 or 4 hours or overnight). Remove tray from refrigerator 15 to 20 minutes before serving if ice cream is very hard. This makes 1 quart and serves 5 to 6.

THE END

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Specialty Act

(Continued from page 21)

her general scholarship has improved wonderfully. Evidently she learned to study, working on her songs. Today people say, "You simply *have* to meet Alice. She's so interesting."

Now it's time for you to meet Carol. When her family moved, she drew a horrid little back bedroom for her own particular roost. Its outstanding feature was the ugly wallpaper.

That wallpaper gave Carol nightmares for two weeks, and then she took steps. Armed with a scraper and a pail of warm water, she went to work. The paper came off in long pasty slathers that stuck to her hair and clothes. But Carol didn't weaken.

When it was all off, she got busy with a paintbrush. She took some old organdy curtains of her mother's and made a Gay Nineties skirt for her dressing table. She made her own bedspread and drapes.

As a reward for all her hard work, she has the fun of living smack in the middle of a valentine. She also has the satisfaction of knowing that her room is a sensation among her friends. They bring other friends to see it, and any girl with a decorating problem makes a wild rush for Carol. Whenever there's a club dance, who is chairman of the Decorations Committee? Nobody else but Carol. Everybody in school has come to know who she is. She's one of the important people.

An interest in cats has meant a lot of fun for two sisters. I know. Their mother bought them a beautiful Siamese for a present, and from then on these girls went cat crazy. They scraped up an acquaintance with a woman who runs a boardinghouse for felines; they lugged reference books home from the library; they asked questions of every cat fancier they knew. They've had a circus raising several families of kittens—that sell for nice little sums, by the way.

So why not take a hint from all these girls? Don't try to work up a false interest in anything—that will only fizzle out. But ask yourself what you really like—explore a few different things, and when you find YOUR SPECIALTY, get busy.

The world is full of fascinating things to do. Make one of them your own, and you'll turn into a fascinator yourself.

THE END

The Legacy of Canyon John

(Continued from page 7)

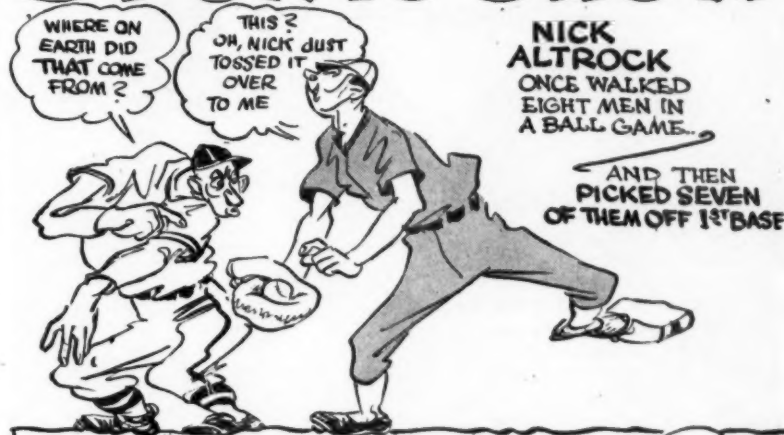
"It's cold," he said. "I wonder what that fellow's up to?"

A light broke suddenly in Linda's mind. "Jerry!" she cried. "Now I remember where I saw that man before. He's Dawson, the orderly down at the Mission Hospital."

They looked into each other's startled faces, the same disquieting thought in both their minds. "He must have heard what Old John told Pia Marquez—or read the letter—or something!" Linda declared. She remembered the malicious glance the man had given them as he passed that morning. "Maybe if he's up there we'd better not go."

(Continued on page 40)

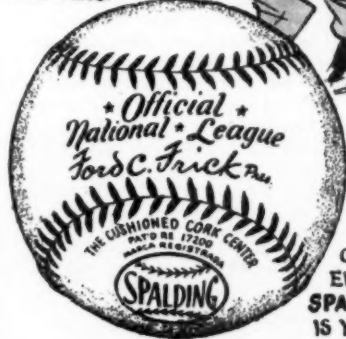
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TURNTABLE TIPS



by **CARL BOSLER**

THERE'S a startling new music being sounded in the jazz world. To the uninitiated it seems like a big, booming, buzzing confusion. To the devotees, however, it's the greatest thing in jazz since Louis Armstrong first hit an F above high C. The man behind the musical "heresies," which are challenging just about all the traditions of jazz, is Stan Kenton. Stan is a warm, friendly person. In spite of his great achievements he is simple and unpretentious.

"I was no child prodigy," he told me. "In fact I wasn't even interested in music until I was about fourteen. My mother gave me piano lessons," he went on, "but I preferred a game of ball with the kids to practicing. One day I heard Earl Hines play, and from then on it was the piano for me."

After high school Stan went through a rigorous apprenticeship, playing in small bands all over the country, and studying every book on arranging that he could find. His first break came when he got a job as assistant music director at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant. "It was about that time that I became aware of the stagnant state of popular music," he said. "Everything seemed to be ground out by formula. The music we were hearing neither expressed our age nor satisfied the needs of our young people. I felt we needed a more powerful and dynamic popular music."

So Stan decided to form a band of his own. He auditioned scores of musicians, experimented with harmony and instrumental combinations, and finally talked the musical oddity he had concocted into a job. But, though their first engagement was successful, there were many disappointments ahead. The moguls of music didn't think the band would last. With the usual cry that Kenton's music was too radical for the public, they refused to book the band. However, Capitol Records believed Stan had something, and contracted him for several recordings. Those first releases made record history, and the Kenton band was on its way up. The struggle for success took its toll, however, for Stan finally had a nervous breakdown. "Even

that had a bright side," he told me. "You see I'd never had a hobby, and while I was resting I got interested in sailboats. Now there's nothing I'd rather do when I'm home than go sailing."

Music pours out of Stan Kenton—in new arrangements, at the piano, and in words. Wherever the band plays Stan talks with the young people, to get their reactions and suggestions. "We play some dance music, of course," he said, "but our eventual goal is to tour the country giving concerts. We've tried several concerts so far and they've been very successful. I'm convinced that we can give young people the kind of music they really want."

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Thousand Islands Song . . . Living A Lie . . . Louis Prima . . . Victor (20-2619) . . . Louis and his gang of zanies have themselves a ball as they "row up the St. Lawrence in search of Florence." The raucous Prima "voice" adds that bit of rowdy punch which makes this release tops in fun. On the reverse Louis "plays pretty for the people" as usual.

My Cousin Louella . . . What'll I Do? . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Columbia (38045) . . . Backed by a bouncy trio which contributes nice guitar and piano interludes, Frank sings of the cute cousin who has the local boys buzzin'. There's some dreamy, smoothly phrased stuff on the coupling.

My Silent Love . . . You've Changed . . . Anne Shelton . . . **A Bed of Roses . . . But Beautiful . . .** Denny Dennis . . . London (118 & 142) . . . Here are the latest of those new, high-fidelity British imports. Anne and Denny give warm, appealing interpretations of these romantic songs, and "But Beautiful" is an exceptionally fine ballad.

Mary Lou . . . Rhode Island Is Famous For You . . . Pied Pipers . . . Capitol (489) . . . The Pipers' deft quarteting on the topside makes one of our favorite melodies sparkle with spicy harmonies. The zestful novelty

on the reverse clearly is destined to be one of the outstanding hit tunes of the new musical, "Inside U.S.A."

Stardust . . . Sentimental Journey . . .
David Rose . . . MGM (30058) . . . Here are two masterly Rose arrangements which lend new charm to these oft-heard melodies which never grow old. Rich strings and subdued woodwinds enhance the gentle, sentimental mood.

I'll Always Be in Love With You . . .
What'll I Do? . . . Art Lund . . . MGM (10142) . . . Art sets a neat beat for imaginative vocal improvisation as he kicks over the tempo traces on these oldies. Johnny Thompson's band gives a nice assist by making things rock all the way.

County Fair . . . I Cover The Waterfront . . .
Mel Tormé . . . Musicraft (5009) . . . The first is a unique narrative song in which Mel paints a merry and amusing picture of a county fair. The gay musical tale describes the colorful fair grounds, including everything from the carousel to the pie-judging contest. On the reverse he does a superb job on one of the great ballads of yesterday.

Jazz

Singing The Blues . . . Victor Album (P-192) . . . Here are four great jazz artists, Louis Armstrong, Mildred Bailey, Jack Teagarden, and Ethel Waters, demonstrating the fine old American art of singing the blues. In addition there's some solid trumpet and trombone work which all Louis and Jack fans will relish.

Collectors' Items . . . Capitol Album (AD-62) . . . The eight admirable numbers in this set feature such jazz greats as Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Barney Bigard, Red Nichols, Eddie Miller, Red Callender, Benny Goodman, and others. It's a sparkling showcase for peerless jazz musicianship.

New Trends

Whistling For You . . . Fred Lowery . . . Columbia Album (C-148) . . . If you've never heard Fred whistle there's a real treat in store for you. This talented young man not only has perfected a difficult technique but he performs with consummate artistry. His unique interpretations of such melodies as "Song Of India," "La Golondrina," and "Caprice Viennois" are warm, mellow, and somewhat amazing.

Concert

Songs Of Sigmund Romberg . . . Lois Butler and Lee Sweetland . . . Capitol Album (CD-61) . . . Charming and youthful Lois joins Lee in a delightful presentation of songs from the immortal Romberg operettas. You'll enjoy such solos as "Romance" and "The Riff Song," and such memorable duets as "Will You Remember?" and "Wanting You."

Beethoven: **Symphony No. 4**, played by the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Beethoven's joyous and graceful Fourth Symphony lies like some verdant, sunlit valley between two imposing mountains, the cragged Eroica and the mighty Fifth Symphony. It is particularly memorable for the calm romanticism of its second movement. There is a delightful interplay of woodwinds and strings in the third movement, and the finale is rich in wit and charm. Mr. Szell makes his American record debut as a conductor with a superb interpretation. Columbia Album (MM-705).

THE END

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The Legacy of Canyon John

(Continued from page 37)

Jerry's face darkened. "Canyon John wanted us to have whatever it is—nobody else. Maybe you'd better go back, Linda, but I'm riding up there," he said.

"Go back?" Linda echoed. "And let you go alone? What do you think I'm made of?"

The sun was high by the time they reached the top of the saddle which separated the two canyons. At the crest of the ridge the brush ceased abruptly, and the rocks had a burned-out look, as though enormous fires had scorched them in some remote age.

The trail wound down among huge, tumbled boulders. In the burning, cloudless blue of the sky a great bird circled on wide-spread dark wings.

"If that's a buzzard, it's a big one." Jerry's eyes narrowed against the glare.

"What else could it be?" Linda wondered. "Unless—" She caught her breath and stared upward. But the bird was too high, the sun too dazzling, for her to see anything but the silhouette of black wings. Nevertheless a little shiver of excitement played along her spine. Somewhere in these mountains a pair of the fast dwindling, all-but-extinct California condors were rumored to have their nest. So rare had these majestic birds become that killing or molesting one was punished by the heaviest fines. Even photographs of them in the wild state were practically nonexistent.

"If it should be a condor, and if we could get a good shot of it with our new lens, we'd have the grand-prize picture for sure," she told Jerry.

"Your ifs cover a lot of territory," he answered. "Come on. When we get past that last outcrop of black rock we'll be in sight of the place."

But suppose Dawson had already discovered Canyon John's treasure, Linda wondered. Or suppose he was still there? Even with the Indian's letter to show as proof, he wouldn't be likely to hand over anything. What if he should be ugly? In this remote spot anything might happen. The Indians called it Canyon del Muerto because a murder had been committed here years ago. Her throat felt dry, and she shivered.

Jerry had pulled in his horse and was holding up his hand. "Listen!" he commanded.

Linda heard it, too—a metallic, chopping sound, echoing from the rocky walls. It halted, then began again. "Someone's digging with a pickax," Jerry said. He spurred forward before she could protest.

When they rounded the last black shoulder of the canyon they saw him, a tiny figure, toiling away in that immensity of barren earth and rock. Above him they could see the shine of the water as it dripped down the cliff to the pool at its base. The man was digging on the exact spot where the old Indian had told them to look for his secret!

They rode forward. When they were about two hundred yards from him, Dawson looked up and saw them. Quickly he stepped back, laid down his pick, and took something from the ground. When he turned again to confront them, the sun glanced on the barrel of a rifle.

"You two stop right there!" he shouted. Even to the impetuous Jerry the rifle was a conclusive argument. He pulled his horse to a halt. "What's the matter with you?" he called out. "It's none of your business where we ride."

"I'm making it my business, buddy," the man answered. "I know why you've come here. I read that Injun's letter, and I'm goin' to cash in on it. So you two kids ride right back to your mamas."

The back of Jerry's neck was suddenly flushed with anger. "Why, you—" he began.

But whatever he was going to say was stopped by the sharp click of the rifle bolt sliding into place. "Start travelin'," Dawson called harshly. "I don't want to hurt you or your horses, but I wouldn't mind."

For a terrified instant Linda thought Jerry was going to try to ride the man down. Then he spoke to her over his shoulder. "All right, Linda, let's get going."

Behind the shelter of the first jutting rock they stopped. "I hate worse than poison to let him get away with this." Jerry's voice was unsteady; Linda had never seen him so angry. "But what else can we do?"

"I guess there isn't anything," she agreed. "But I feel just as you do. Can't we get help—the Ranger or someone? It must be against the law to shoot at people."

"Maybe if we told the Ranger that Dawson took something which belonged to John and which he left to us in his will—but how could we prove that? We don't even know what it is," Jerry said. "Besides, it would be just our word against his. If there were another witness—"

Linda caught her breath. "A witness! How about the camera? We could take a picture of him, to show that he was digging in the place Canyon John told us to look."

"You're right! With the new lens we could get a picture of him from around the edge of this rock without his knowing it."

Hastily they swung to the ground and while Jerry set up the tripod and camera, Linda fitted on the lens.

Through the finder Dawson was only a matchstick figure working against the immense backdrop of barren, burning wilderness. Behind him loomed the tall pillar of rock; and far above, the dark-winged bird sailed in its slow, ominous circles.

"It'll make a swell picture, anyway," Jerry said. They took several shots, to make sure of getting a good one. So intent were they that they did not notice when Dawson stopped his work to peer up at them, until suddenly he reached again for the rifle.

"Look out!" Linda cried.

They jumped back just in time, for the rifle cracked sharply, and a shower of pebbles and sand came sliding down from the cliff above them.

"Say, that hombre's not too careful where he shoots!" Jerry exclaimed. "I wonder if I got a snap of that? I seem to remember squeezing the bulb just before I jumped."

Peering cautiously around the rock, they saw that Dawson was still holding the rifle ready, and that above his head dark wings were beating the air. A second immense black bird, disturbed by the shots, had risen from somewhere, and joining the other, was circling higher and higher.

Linda and Jerry rode back over the saddle and down into the other canyon. "If that picture was as good as it looked, it'll be all we need to set the Rangers on him," Jerry said. "After all, the Government has a lot to say about Indian property."

"And we've got the letter!" Linda added. Suddenly Jerry gave an exclamation. "Oh, boy! I've just remembered he left his car parked back here. After I get through with that machine Mr. Dawson won't be riding back to town in a hurry!"

But just as they reached the car, an official green truck drove up and Les Burnett, the Ranger, stepped out.

"What's going on back there?" he demanded. "The Fire Warden on Craddock's Peak just phoned me that he'd heard shooting down in Canyon del Muerto."

His brows drew together as they told their story. "Sounds like an unpleasant character," he said. "I'll give him a warning—he's no business shooting anywhere near you. But as for this treasure business—I'm afraid that's a case of finders-keepers, unless you can prove that it actually did belong to Canyon John. Then, of course, you could take it up with the Indian Agent."

"At least I'd have liked to let the air out of his tires," Jerry grumbled, as they started home.

"Well, cheer up. We got some pictures, anyway. Let's develop and print them right away," Linda said.

PARADOXICALLY, it was in the darkroom that light burst at last on Canyon John's secret. Bending over the trays, they watched the prints come slowly into view. The pictures were turning out better than they had dared to hope. The composition was unexpectedly and superbly dramatic. Like a giant exclamation point the great rock pillar loomed above the toiling human shape, and in many of the shots the dark-winged bird slanted across the sky for an added accent.

The last picture, in which Dawson was pointing his rifle at the camera, came out best of all. They could even see the contortion of anger in his face.

Then something else caught Linda's eyes. "Jerry!" she cried. "Look! In this picture the buzzard's wing is tilted up. Look at it—at the underside!"

Jerry peered. Then—"A patch of white feathers!" he said, almost in a whisper. "Linda, that's not a buzzard! It's a condor!"

But that wasn't all. On a cavelike ledge near the top of the pillar something else was taking shape. It was the bare, snakelike head and half-spread plumage of the other bird rising from the nest!

Jerry whistled. "So that was it!" he said. "Of course—that was what Canyon John meant. Don't you remember, Linda? He told us once, long ago, how the Indians prized condors. They used them in their religion, their ceremonial dances. He said they were messengers between the living and the dead. The knowledge of the location of a nest was the most valuable possession anyone could own; it was kept secret, handed down from father to son. That's the secret he left to us!"

Linda nodded. "And Old John knew how much we'd value a chance to get a photograph of a condor. Why, Jerry, now that we know where the nest is we can take dozens of pictures! We'll surely get a prize—maybe the grand prize—with one of them, and we might sell them to natural-history museums, nature magazines, ornithologists. College, here we come!"

Suddenly Jerry began to laugh. "I was just thinking—poor old Dawson can dig the whole canyon up, for all he'll find there!" he chuckled. "I'm almost sorry for him!"

THE END



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Girl Scouts to the *Rescue*

by HESTER JEWELL



Paul Parker

To qualify for Emergency-Squad work, Girl Scouts must be trained in child care

A disaster like this may never strike your town. But Girl Scouts can be ready for it!

WHEN the wild night wind stopped howling, and the darkness gave way to dawn over a small town in the Midwest, the weary, frightened Larsen family came up out of their storm cellar and cautiously looked across their farm lands. There was no roof to the farmhouse; the hencoop had vanished; the silo had toppled over on the crushed barn.

What was left for the Larsens? Some food that was stored in the storm cellar, the clothes they were wearing, and one thing more—friends. From near-by farms and villages, as the day went on, came friends—people they knew and people they didn't know—bringing food, fuel, lumber, and friendly, comforting chatter. And wherever there are Larsens and tornadoes—or floods, sandstorms, droughts, fires, shipwrecks—there will be these friends and among them, the Girl Scout Emergency Squads.

For a long time individual Girl Scouts in the United States have been on the spot in community disasters. In Texas City, Woodward, Ottumwa and many other places they have prepared meals "out of nothing"; carried messages; cheered and comforted frightened children with games and stories; administered simple first aid; helped repair shelters. But now for the first time, starting this month, they will begin to organize Emergency Squads—groups to give help in time of disaster.

Emergency Squads may be an entire Girl Scout troop, a few girls from one troop, or a group of girls from different Intermediate and Senior troops.



European

They may be members both of the Junior Red Cross and the Girl Scouts. Some squads will study and drill with other clubs and organizations such as the Camp Fire Girls, Boy Scouts, YMCA, YMCA. Some will be training this spring at camp on week ends, where they can best practice fire-building, primitive cooking, and laying and following trails. Mariner and Wing Girl Scouts will prepare to use their knowledge in ship, boat, and air emergencies. All will notify their Red Cross chapters that they stand ready to help serve in time of disaster. And all will work, under careful supervision, toward these four main aims:

1. To learn what the possible emergencies of their community might be. Flood? Fire? Hurricane?

2. To learn the causes, and, if possible, the prevention of these emergencies. Local fire departments, health commissions, the Red Cross, and State Departments of Agriculture will help here.

3. To be prepared to give needed service in these emergencies.

4. To have equipment collected and ready to use or to send to other Girl Scout Emergency Squads in disaster areas for use there.

This equipment which squads will collect falls under two headings. First

there is the Utility Kit, which will be prepared by each member of the squad and kept ready for use at all times—for her personal use, or for those about her who need it. In drawstring bag, hike bag, or towel roll she will pack such items as thread, needles, pins, scissors, notebook, pencil, shoelaces, band-aids, can opener, knife, a flashlight.

This *personal* Utility Kit will be kept in a certain place at home, always ready to be taken up, slung over the shoulder or attached firmly to a belt, and carried with the squad member as she goes about her relief work.

A second kind of kit will be prepared, too—a Recreation Kit, containing such articles as a rubber ball, colored pencils and paper, simple games, books, paste, scissors, and other items useful in setting up and conducting child care or recreation centers. This is the kit each *squad* will have packed and stored, ready to be used in the squad's own community in case of disaster, or sent to an emergency area after notification from Girl Scout National Headquarters. This means, of course, that Headquarters *must* be informed by a troop or council that kits are ready, how many, and who is in charge of them.

(Continued on page 49)



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ALL OVER THE MAP

Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **Girl Scout headquarters** in Montclair, New Jersey, is a particularly busy place between three and five o'clock these days. That's the time which has been set aside for work on the Braille calendars, four hundred and fifty of which this council is going to turn out to be sent all over the United States and abroad. Some will go to individuals, some to schools for the blind, and some to old-people's homes. The Blind Society of Capetown, South Africa, and the Blind Society in Auckland, New Zealand, are just two of the organizations which will receive them. Three Girl Scouts, chosen in rotation from every troop in the area, are working on the calendars, samples of which are on file in the Library of Congress in Washington.

• **Over five hundred** Intermediate Girl Scouts of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, attended a fashion show and style clinic recently, to learn all about the well-groomed look. The clinic, held at the Milwaukee Boston Store, was put on in co-operation with the Girl Scout Council for Scouts who were working to earn their Clothing badge. The Girl Scout pledge opened the clinic, and was followed by a panel discussion covering styles and fads. Then came a skit stressing the importance of good



grooming, built around the theme of the program, "A Well Groomed Girl is a Pretty Girl," and demonstrations of the correct way to iron a slip, press a skirt, sew on buttons, and polish shoes. A style show came next, with thirty-three outfits shown and discussed as to becomingness to the model, and appropriateness for various occasions. The problem of how to pack clothes was taken up, too, one of the highlights of the program being a demonstration of how to pack a suitcase for a week-end visit.

• **A most thorough** and complete job of community service has been reported by a troop of Girl Scouts in Greenwood, Mississippi. Looking around them for someone who was truly needy, they found a rural family with many children and no visible means of support. Their good sense made them decide that what the family needed most was a cow to give lots of good, fresh milk for the children. In order to buy the cow, they put on a rug show, asking champion hookers to exhibit their prize rugs. Then they charged sixty-five cents to see the show and collected over six hundred dollars. The next step was to approach a local cattle auctioneer (a Girl Scout father) who made it possible for them to buy

the best Guernsey cow available for considerably less than the sum of money they had on hand. Placing a standing order for feed with a local store owner, they enlisted the help of the county agent, who took the cow to the family, taught them how to care for it and fit it into farm planning. With the money left over, these enterprising Scouts bought two bicycles to enable two of the boys to go to school. As a result of this project, the troop found that it had explored four different program fields—Homemaking, Arts and Crafts, Agriculture, and Community Life.

• **Community service** has been the highlight of the Girl Scout year on the island of Maui, in Hawaii. Scouting is the same in Hawaii as it is anywhere in the world, with the difference that there many races and racial backgrounds are fused under the American flag. Troops are made up of Hawaiians, part-Hawaiians, Caucasians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinas, and many others, yet they are all Scouts together. Service to their community during the past year included making scrapbooks and gift packages, and collecting a huge box of toys for the Salvation Army and the orphanage; assisting at a charity carnival and singing



William Leftwich



Opposite page (top)—Intermediate Girl Scout troop 24 of the Hongwanji Mission, Wailuku, Maui, in Hawaii, singing a hymn at a recent investiture ceremony

Opposite page (bottom)—A basic wardrobe for young teens as modeled by Girl Scouts of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in a fashion show and good-grooming clinic

This page (top)—A Senior Girl Scout puts the finishing touches on a huge birthday cake which was baked for the Boy Scouts' 38th birthday celebration

This page (bottom)—A Canadian Girl Guide pours at a Silver Tea put on by Girl Scouts of St. Cloud, Minnesota, to finance a summer station wagon trip



at a prison camp. Also, at Christmas-time, they selected two hundred small Christmas trees at the experimental station, planted them in tins, and distributed them to hospitals, where they are tending them for the rest of the year.

• **There's a Brownie Scout troop** in Ventnor, New Jersey, which, via friendly letters, is traveling in spirit to many corners of the world. A project which they have been working on all year, the girls are corresponding with Girl Scouts and Guides in Bermuda, England, Scotland, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Panama, Argentina, Cuba, and two of our own United States. Their correspondents total fifty-one altogether, every one of whom received a valentine this year. They are also making "Learning-English scrapbooks" which are designed to be sent to Argentina. It is reported that not only are fine stamp collections being made as a by-product of this activity, but that spelling and writing have improved remarkably.

• **Last year Senior Girl Scouts** of Troop 11, St. Cloud, Minnesota, made an across-the-border trip by station wagon to Canada and because of that trip, a neat, uniformed Girl Guide of Canada poured at a Silver Tea which that troop

gave at Eagles' Hall in St. Cloud recently. The Guide, whose home is in Fort William, Ontario, became a fast friend of the Scouts during their stay in Canada on the International Friendship trip, and crossed the border herself to be the house-guest of one of the Scouts. The purpose of the Silver Tea was to help raise funds for another trip, this time to Camp Rockwood Manor, near Washington, D. C., which these Scouts plan to take in their faithful station wagon.

• **Letters of thanks** for the Friendship Bags which so many Girls Scouts in this country filled and sent to children overseas last year are still coming in to Girl Scout headquarters in New York City. Two hundred and sixty-seven of them have been received recently from a Czechoslovakian school for deaf-and-dumb children, and have been forwarded to the Girl Scouts in this country to whom they were addressed. On a few of them, however, the addresses were absolutely unintelligible and could not be forwarded. A covering letter of thanks, from the principal of the school, explained the lateness of the thanks by saying that the packages took an interminable time to reach their destination. The children in the school, he went on

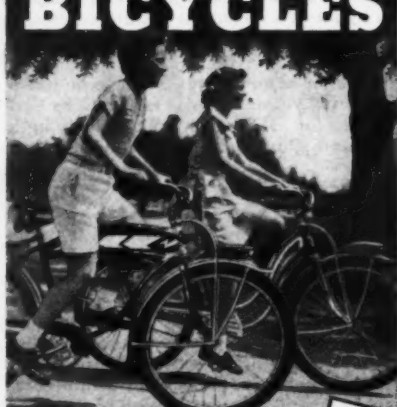
to say, begin at the early age of five to overcome their handicap, learning to read, write, speak, and lip-read. At the age of fifteen they leave the school perfectly capable of preparing to earn their living. Sincere thanks for the bags on behalf of the children and faculty of this school were expressed at the close of the letter.

• **It was "Happy Birthday"** from the Girl Scouts to the Boy Scouts recently, when a noble twenty-seven pound cake was delivered to New York Boy Scout Headquarters for a party celebrating their thirty-eighth anniversary. The Boy Scout fleur-de-lis emblem decorating the top of the cake was surrounded by a gleaming bank of coconut—an icing job beautifully done by Girl Scouts. The group of Boy Scouts attending the party were those who had helped their organization's recent annual fund-raising campaign by acting as messengers.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END

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Somebody Else, Not Me

(Continued from page 9)

old man with a head of silvery white hair. "Mother had to go out on a Red Cross case," Wiffie said, "so I'll read to you."

"That's kind of you, my dear." His stiff hands fumbled among the books piled beside him. "I have a new one here."

Wiffie found the book and plunged into a long-ago world of footlight triumphs, temperamental stars, command performances.

The author was telling about the girlhood, the struggles of Alison Bates, one of the most glorious stars of the English stage, who had shone in the same firmament with Ellen Terry. She'd started out as a tomboy, and she'd been too tall and too thin. Everybody had thought of her as that ugly, awkward Bates girl.

Wiffie looked up in surprise. "Why, she sounds just like me!"

"What's that?" asked Uncle Jay.

"I said that the description of Alison Bates when she was sixteen sounds just like me—scrawny and ugly."

Uncle Jay regarded her closely. "Non-sense. You're not ugly."

"Nobody seems to think I'm pretty, either," gulped Wiffie.

"You mean no boy thinks so?"

Wiffie nodded reluctantly.

"But your father says you're always going off to parties."

"That's just it. I'm one of the crowd because they like Dad so much, and I go because he likes me to go, and he doesn't know I'm really a drip and it's strictly awful—" To her horror, her voice choked.

"And just why are you a—what was that quaint expression—a drip?"

Wiffie laid the book aside and fished for a handkerchief. Uncle Jay was regarding her with deep concern. Suddenly it was easy to tell him all the things that had been bottled up inside of her for a long time.

"It's my figure, I guess. I'm too tall and too thin. Or my hair—look at it! I'm all right when I'm on the track field, but at a party I'm numb all over!" she wailed.

Uncle Jay leaned against the back of his chair and looked at her as if he were studying a problem. "What do you think about while you sit in a corner at a party?" he asked presently.

Wiffie stared at him. "But how did you know I sit in corners?"

"Because that's where people who brood generally sit. I can just see you. Curled up with a glum expression on your face, thinking how miserable, forlorn, and abused you are."

Wiffie was so furious she couldn't speak. This was just as well, because by the time she had found words, she realized that Uncle Jay was right. That was exactly how she sat and what she thought, most of the time. After she'd swallowed her pride, she asked meekly, "What should I do?"

"First of all, come out of that corner, young lady—if you have to sit on the piano. Or the floor. No more corners!"

That didn't sound hard. "All right," agreed Wiffie. "What else, Uncle Jay?"

"Do you ever tell stories?"

"Stories?"

"Jokes. Amusing anecdotes. Funny bits."

"Well, sometimes. To Rosalie."

"Tonight I want you to tell a story."

"To the whole crowd? Oh—I couldn't!"

Uncle Jay looked stern. "Do you want to

go on with this experiment, my dear, or not?"

"Yes," said Wiffie faintly. "But I don't know any stories."

"Let me think of something suitable." He closed his eyes, leaning his head back against the chair. Wiffie noticed that he looked thin and tired.

He opened his eyes and exclaimed, "I have it!" He told her an amusing little story about an actor he'd known long ago. When she stopped laughing, he made her tell it back to him. By the fourth repetition she was exhausted, and Uncle Jay satisfied.

"Now comes the most important part," he said.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"All evening long I want you to think about your friends. Never about yourself. About Rosalie and the other girls and boys—and how lucky you are to be one of the crowd."

Wiffie's high expectation dropped with a thud. How definitely disappointing! She said doubtfully, "I'll try it, Uncle Jay, but I don't see what good that will do me."

Her great-uncle reached for the book they had been reading, and opened it at a picture of Alison Bates in her famous role as Juliet. "Look at her, my dear. The little Bates girl the neighbors said was ugly."

Wiffie looked at the beautiful, expressive face.

Uncle Jay continued earnestly, "She didn't find a magic formula in a bottle. She discovered it in herself and helped it to grow. I was in a play with her once, when she was an old lady. She was so warm, so generous, that we considered her to be still one of the world's loveliest women."

Wiffie could hear the car coming up the drive. How time had flown. Her mother was back already. She said contritely, "Oh, Uncle Jay, we've taken up all the time talking about me!"

"What could be a better subject? As long as you don't spend tonight thinking about 'you.' Will you try the most important step?"

"I'll do my best," she promised.

WIFFIE was a little late. "I thought you'd never get here," Rosalie cried. The rest of the crowd said "Hi!" or "Howdy!" and went about their dancing. Wiffie looked longingly at the big wing chair in the corner. She knew it well. It was generally where she sat when she came to a party at Rosalie's. Peg Fulton and Beans Fisher were draped over the record changer, and almost everybody was dancing out on the sun porch. Wiffie set her jaw and sat down on the piano bench, right in the middle of the room.

From her new position in the center of things, Wiffie found that bits and pieces of the crowd's happy plans floated past her. Suddenly she found herself suggesting, a little timidly, "Let's hike up to the cabins on Mt. Lawson and stay overnight."

"A super idea!" cried Peg Fulton, as if it were new, and not something they did every year. Wiffie looked at her in surprise. Peg had dark curls and dimples, and more different sweaters and skirts than any other girl in high school. Wiffie had always thought she was a little stuck-up.

"We'll have to take parents," put in Rosalie.

"Do you think your mother and dad would go with us, Wiffie?" Dick asked eagerly.

"I guess so. I'll ask them."

That hadn't been so bad. But there was

that story still to come. She couldn't go back to Uncle Jay and confess she'd been too timid to tell it, after all his work with her. Dodo Avila sat down beside her. "I like your dress, Wiffie. Is it new?"

Wiffie stared at her. Was this a gag? But no, Dodo meant it, and Wiffie smiled back at her warmly. "It's ancient, Dodo, but I'm glad you like it."

Tom Heath, on his way to the kitchen to help Rosalie get sandwiches and cokes from the icebox, tripped over the girls' feet. Tom was fat and good-natured, and liked to think he was a prize funnyman. He turned now to examine the damage he'd done.

Wiffie was laughing, and she didn't stop to think whether she should or shouldn't. "You might try dancing on them," she told him.

"Just for that, smart girl, I will!"

And suddenly she was in the sun parlor dancing and enjoying it very much, except for thinking about that story. Presently Rosalie stopped the music, and gathered the crowd around. Wiffie was back on her piano bench. She had a plate on her lap with sandwiches and some of the gorgeous chocolate cake Mrs. Crane always made for the crowd. Everything tasted like sawdust. A lull had fallen. Wiffie took a long drink of her coke. Her hands felt clammy. She cleared her throat a couple of times, and finally her voice came out—thin, and a little scared. "Would you like to hear a funny story?" she asked.

They didn't hear her, and she thought, "Well, I tried. I really did." She was tempted to forget about it, and just enjoy her sandwiches and cake. Then she visualized Uncle Jay's face when she told him that she hadn't quite managed it. She spoke louder. "Would you like to hear a story?" Her voice quavered on the last word, and she could feel her cheeks grow red. This time they heard her. All the crowd were looking at her. She wished that Rosalie and Dick hadn't such amazed expressions on their faces. But she'd have to go ahead.

Her voice grew stronger as she progressed. She remembered to make the little gestures that Uncle Jay had taught her. She knew she was talking too fast, but she didn't forget any of the story. She brought out the ending properly, and there was a most satisfactory gale of laughter. As she glanced around the room, she saw Ranny leaning against the door that led to the sun porch, looking at her as if he'd never seen her before.

Later, after they'd taken their plates and glasses out, and rinsed and stacked them neatly, the dancing started again. Wiffie came back from the kitchen and headed for the piano bench. It was an old friend, now, and she loved it dearly. But this time she didn't reach it. Ranny stepped up. "How about this dance, Wiffie?" he asked.

Her heart thumped, and she hoped she'd be able to follow him without muffing it. And what on earth would she talk about?

But he started off first. "That was a cute story and you told it well. I was surprised because—" Ranny stopped and turned a deep red. "I mean, I didn't know—"

Wiffie helped him out of his embarrassment. "You mean you thought I could only play basketball and do hundred-yard dashes?"

"Yes, I guess that was it. Stupid of me, wasn't it?" Ranny's smile was interested and eager, and not in the least bored. "Did you hear your story at the track meet?"

(Continued on page 49)

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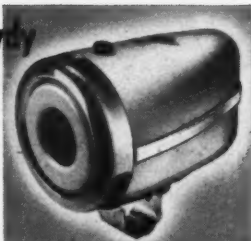
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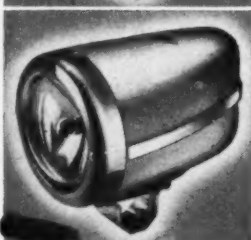


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"Old Town Canoes"

Jokes

SHARP

BOB: Why is a pencil like a riddle?

JOHN: I give up.

BOB: Neither is any good without a point.

Sent by SHIRLEY TODD, Lake Forest, Illinois

HEARD THIS ONE?

BENNY: Hey, look at that bunch of cows!

DALE: Not bunch, herd.

BENNY: Heard what?

DALE: Herd of cows.

BENNY: Sure, I've heard of cows.

DALE: I mean a cow herd.

BENNY: What do I care if a cow heard? I haven't said anything I'm ashamed of.

Sent by MARY JANE STEINMETZ, Milan, Indiana

THE WINNER

LITTLE BOY: Mother, I beat a boy up this morning.

MOTHER: Good gracious! How bad?

LITTLE BOY: Just by an hour. I got up at seven, and he got up at eight.

Sent by PATSY MOORE, Powell, Wyoming

SLUMP

MOTHER: How is it that your January marks are lower than those for December?

DAUGHTER: Why, Mom, you know everything is marked down after the holidays.

Sent by RENATE ENGEL, Hamden, Connecticut

SLIGHT HINT

MAN AT DOOR: Madam, I'm a piano tuner.

MRS. JONES: But I didn't send for a piano tuner.

MAN AT DOOR: No, but the neighbors did.

Sent by NANCY JEAN ARNDT, Washington, D. C.

MECHANICAL BIRD

JANE: Which bird can lift the heaviest weights?

BILL: I don't know—which?

JANE: The crane, of course.

Sent by GAIL WATKINS, Palo Alto, California

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

FITTING

In a Massachusetts cemetery there is a gravestone with the following inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."

Sent by JOAN SMITH, Ogunquit, Maine

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen

WHICH RATES?

PROFESSOR: Bill, give me some facts on nitrates.

BILL (caught napping): Why-er-they're cheaper than day rates.

Sent by JOANN MAYS, Dallas, Texas

DRY HUMOR

JOE: I'm a very funny comedian.

BECKY: What makes you think so?

JOE: I put some of my jokes in the fire and it just roared.

Sent by JOANNE JORDAN, Ripley, Mississippi



merrylen

"Your boy friend and I have been holding your seat."

CAMPs

INFORMATION

FREE Information: Investigated and approved private camps in U. S. 30 years' service. Explain individual needs and give age of girl or boy. Visit, write or phone Plaza 7-4440



CAMP INFORMATION ASSOCIATION, 3435 RCA Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.



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25 beautiful cards in full color, no duplicates **50c**

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How to Make Him STOP OR GO...

Amazing New "Date-Light Pin". When you want him to give with the dating just push the button and presto—green light! When you want out—presto—red light! Just like that! Watch your friends turn green with envy when they spy your new "Date-Light Pin". Order NOW, only \$1.50 postpaid. Money back if not THRILLED! HURRY! Write **JOSELYN**, Dept. G, Suite 304, 152 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

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For selling only 50 boxes greeting cards. Sells for \$1—your profit to 50c. Also Easter and gift cards, stationery and wrappings. Costs nothing to try. Write for samples on approval.

MERIT, 70 William Street
Dept. K, Newark 2, N. J.

\$RAISE MONEY!

—for your club, organization, church, etc. (or for yourself)—with **Writewell Stationery & Greeting Cards**. Plan & Samples **FREE** or, for quicker action request "sample boxes on approval."

WRITWELL CO., 100 Transit Bldg., Boston

Somebody Else, Not Me

(Continued from page 47)

Wiffie told him about Uncle Jay, and something of his past. He was very much impressed. "You mean he was actually on the stage with Alison Bates?"

She was very sorry now that she hadn't found out a great deal more about Leander Jordan, who had been John Smith. But that was a condition she could remedy. With vacation coming, she'd comb the library for books to read to Uncle Jay.

"Do you think I could meet him sometime?" Ranny asked eagerly.

"I guess I could arrange it."

Presently it was eleven o'clock. Where had the time gone? How could it be so late? Mr. and Mrs. Crane had come downstairs. The crowd were putting on jackets and topcoats. Wiffie saw Mrs. Crane looking the group over, mentally sorting them out, seeing that there were no girls left to go home alone. Wiffie knew the procedure. Pretty soon she would make arrangements for Winifred Munro. Then a voice at her elbow asked, "Okay if Dick and I drop you at your house?"

It was Ranny! It couldn't be true—but it was! Presently, she—Wiffie—was being helped into Ranny's little roadster. Dick climbed in beside her. The stars over the Santa Clara Valley were as big as dinner plates. The mountains bent down for a friendly look. Rosalie, her best friend, seemed like an angel standing on the curb, waving good-by as they drove away. It was a beautiful, beautiful world!

THE END

Girl Scouts to the Rescue

(Continued from page 42)

In addition to her Utility Kit, a squad member should have ready an outfit of clothing, according to the season, that will be suitable for squad work. Strong old boots, dungarees, and a warm jacket and cap, perhaps. Squad members when on duty should also wear an arm band on which is stenciled, printed, or embroidered "Girl Scout Emergency Squad." And the girls who wear such arm bands must know how to render simple first aid, how to use ordinary tools, repair flashlights, use an oilstove, take care of young children, plus other overall and specific skills.

If you are interested in knowing more about these required skills, contents of kits, and other details of an Emergency Squad, ask your leader to write to the Program Division, Girl Scout National Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17, for complete information.

Disaster may never come to your town. It may come once and never again. Whatever happens, your Girl Scout Emergency Squad will "be prepared" to help your fellow citizens through to recovery.

THE END

NAME TAPES

—100 for 60c

Washable Name Labels, with your name printed on wash-proof tape in black ink, for camp, school and travel.

WM. NAUSNER

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"STAMP FINDER"

GIVEN!—BIG NEW EDITION, 22 pages, profusely illustrated! Tells instantly the country to which any difficult-to-identify stamp belongs, and so where to place it in your album! Also included: 25 different stamps from various countries—Austria, Belgium, Russia, Cyprus, Greece, Hungary, Newfoundland, Ireland, etc. All sent to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage.

GARCELON STAMP COMPANY, Box 907, Calais, Maine

WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN—ONLY 10c!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamps from Africa, South America, Free French, Somali, Palestine, etc. Includes airmails, commemoratives and stamps worth up to 50c. This offer sent for 10c to Approval Applicants only. **JAMESTOWN STAMP CO.**, Dept. 90, Jamestown, N. Y.



Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list **GIVEN!** to approval service applicants for 3c postage. **GAINS!** 8 Indianhead cents, 10c; Woodrow Wilson, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 8c.

TATHAM COIN CO., Springfield 4, Massachusetts

WORLD'S LARGEST STAMP!

A real curiosity! A stamp so large (7 1/2 x 14 inches) it will occupy a full page in your album. Details for 50c. Given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage. **STAMPS!** All different, 500 for \$1; 1000 for \$2.

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GIVEN! - - ROOSEVELT COLLECTION!!

Amazing Roosevelt commemorative collection given! Postage 3c. Approvals. Hurry — one to a customer!

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Beimont Stamp Co., Dept. #10, Washington 10, D. C.

200 Different Stamps 5c

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A nice collection of stamps from Gibraltar, the mightiest fortress in the world—also New Zealand Centennial—British—Uganda—French Colonies—East Africa—India—West Indies—South American and War stamps plus sample copy Philatelic Monthly Magazine. Send only 5c for postage. **EMPIRE STAMP COMPANY**, Dept. A, Toronto, Canada

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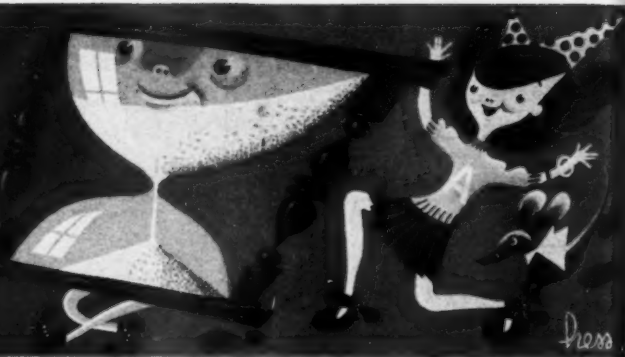
Smith & Co., Box 4816, N. E. St., Kansas City, Mo.

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Land of Liberty

One dark night in the year 1291 a band of husky, bearded European warriors met on Reutli Meadow near the shore of Lake Lucerne.

Each carried a crossbow and a quiver of sharp arrows. Chosen representatives of their Alpine communities—one of them called "Schwyz"—they swore to help defend one another from invading armies of the ruling Hapsburgs of Austria. That meeting was the founding of what today we call Switzerland, the oldest democracy in the world.

In the little cantons, or towns, in Switzerland on the last Sunday in April or the first Sunday in May (depending on the weather) citizens will gather again this year to pass laws and elect their leaders. In memory of the Reutli Meadow meeting they will carry swords, the symbols of their preparedness, and on each side of the massive Bible on the speaker's table will rest a huge two-handed sword, to remind the voters that they must be willing to defend their democracy.

During the first two hundred years of their alliance, the sturdy Swiss soldiers were the most sought-after professional fighters in Europe; yet since 1815 the tiny country, surrounded on all sides by more powerful nations, has guarded jealously its own neutrality. In the last war the Swiss could boast of a militia of half a million men, and the frontiers and mountain passes were carefully mined in case of attack. But the neutrality that was granted them by the Congress of Vienna in 1815 was continued.

The little country is bounded by Germany, France, Italy, and Austria. About 71% of the citizens speak German, but French, Italian, and Romansch (an old dialect of Latin) are also used, and bulletins are printed in all four tongues.

The dairy industry is the main support of the people, and every summer the villagers make a holiday of the day they lead their cattle from the lower mountain slopes to higher pastures for sweeter, fresher grass. The famous Swiss cheese ferments in Swiss cellars during the winter, while the women busy themselves with intricate and lovely embroideries. Watches made in Switzerland are among the best in the world, and Swiss chocolate and toys find markets everywhere.

Because of its breathtaking beauty and mountains, Switzerland is known as Europe's playland and many famous events, including the recent Olympic winter sports, are held on the slopes of the Alps. Although the country is only twice the size of New Jersey, there are one thousand glaciers there, mov-

ing slowly down the mountains toward the ancient, ginger-colored chalets.

This year the present Swiss constitution, which was drawn up in 1848 on the pattern of the United States' model, will have its hundredth birthday. Unlike our own, though, Switzerland's President is elected every year instead of every four years. Often school children have difficulty remembering who their President is because the office is changed so frequently.

In one way the Swiss Constitution is less democratic than ours. This month, when the citizens hold their local elections in the roped-off outdoor squares, the women and children will be watching the proceedings from the outside. For the women, in the oldest democracy in the world, are not yet allowed the privilege of casting their vote.

QUICKIE QUIZ

Spring is here, the season of young growing things. But what were these adults called before they matured?

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| 1. butterfly | 4. goat |
| 2. frog | 5. goose |
| 3. salmon | 6. lion |

ANSWERS:

1. caterpillar, 2. tadpole, 3. fry, 4. kid, 5. gosling, 6. cub.

Midnight Rider

Scarcely a child is now alive who doesn't know the story of a certain moonlit ride made in "April, '75." But few of us may realize that Paul Revere was an inventor, cartoonist, politician, mechanic, soldier, dentist, and silversmith, as well as an alert messenger. Today, beautiful silver teapots, bowls, and spoons, marked with the initials P. R. are museum pieces, and in many New England steeples unusually melodic bells, cast in the Revere foundry, still ring. Paul Revere the artist drew many effective political cartoons and designed the seal still used by the State of Massachusetts; and as a patriot he was on hand in war paint and feathers at the famous Boston Tea Party. He cast the bolts and spikes used in the making of Old Ironsides, and in 1809 made copper plates for the boilers of one of Robert Fulton's steam ferries.

Paul Revere's father came to America from the isle of Guernsey. His real name was Appolos de Revoire, but he changed it to

Paul Revere "merely on account that the Bumpkins should pronounce it easier." He called his third child after himself, and taught him to be a silversmith. As young Paul Revere delivered his fine wares on horseback throughout the countryside, he came to be a well-known rider and was therefore chosen as official courier for the Boston Committee of patriots. As such, he carried many a dramatic and little-known message—even as far as Philadelphia.

Paul Revere did not fight in the Revolutionary War, but was drafted to design and print the first issue of Continental money and to direct a gunpowder factory. He lived to a ripe and busy old age, a familiar sight in Boston in his quaint Revolutionary dress, famous and respected for much more than that famous April midnight gallop.

April Fool!

Back in the early days of the Christian era, a prankish youth hung a goat bell on the neck of the favorite poodle of the Roman Emperor, Augustus. He also painted the pooch's tail yellow, and tied goose wings to his back. Augustus was infuriated, but he couldn't do a thing about it—for the incident occurred on All Fools' Festival.

The idea of a Fools' Day is a very old one. Some say it began with the legend of Proserpina, the maiden who was filling her basket with daffodils in the Elysian fields when Pluto carried her away to the underworld. Ceres, her mother, came in search of her, but when Ceres called Proserpina, all she could hear was the echo of her own voice. Perhaps this was the tragic beginning of the vain and useless errands on which we often send friends on April 1.

The Hindus have been celebrating the Festival of Huli for countless centuries on March 31, an Indian day for boisterous pranks. And when a Scotchman pulls an April Fool's trick, he shouts "You're an April Gowk!" Gowk means cuckoo. The French fool their neighbors and then say, "You're an April Fish"—because young fish are easy to catch. In that land, the day for fooling dates back to 1564, when the king made a change in the calendar. New Year's Day had previously been celebrated at the beginning of spring, but when he moved it to January some of his subjects continued to celebrate "mock" or "fool's" New Year's in April, exchanging useless gifts and making visits in pretended ceremony.

So maybe your idea of playing practical jokes on the first of this month isn't as new as you've thought!

THE END

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